

NEW YORK

# Deadly

A HOME WEEKLY

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Vol. IX.

E. F. Beadle,  
William Adams,  
David Adams,  
PUBLISHERS.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 7, 1878.

TERMS IN ADVANCE

(One copy, four months, \$1.00  
One copy, one year, 2.00  
Two copies, one year, 3.00)

No. 443

## THE SHRINES OF SONG.

BY WILLIAM TENNYSON HEATON.

Open the gates to the unseen land,  
O! guardian angel of time!  
I almost hear on the shadowy strand  
The sound of a mystical chime.  
Over the waves of the river of sin,  
Come to this earthly shore,  
And thy whitened shawl shall bear me in  
To the golden glory of the Evermore.

A shadow came over my weary eyes—  
A halo of dreamland peace—  
Like the setting sun in the summer skies  
To the tired day gives sweet release.  
The furthest of cities rose up to my view,  
With palaces peaceful and white,  
And under the shade where the lindens grew,  
Bright flowers gleamed in the purple light.

In bright festoons the amaranth hung,  
Above on the branches of green;  
In every tower soft music was rung  
From a chorus of bells unseen.  
Close by a stream in this city of gold  
A temple arose in the sunset bright;  
Above it the clouds like chariots rolled,  
And glittered like stars in the arctic night.

There came to me then a fair white form—  
"This is the shrine of song," she said,  
And like the sunshine after a storm,  
A brighter look her face o'erspread.  
"Forth from those towers perpetual song  
Flows free as the mountain streams;  
Glorious visions the mind doth throne,  
And break o'er the soul ecstatic themes."

"Hither the minstrels of earth do come,  
And donning their crowns of gold,  
They echo their songs from turret to dome,  
And sweep their harps as in time of old."  
"E'en as she spoke, from out the shrine  
There rolled a tide of heavenly song,  
And the silver bells from the tower's chime  
Echoed their strains as they flowed along."

"Here I will stay," to my guide I said;  
"Here every grief I'll forget!"  
But softly she placed her hand on my head  
And whispered: "O! child of earth, not yet!"  
The vision was ended; my dream was o'er;  
I awoke to walk again  
On the flinty rocks of an earthly shore,  
That echo with shrieks of pain.

Franz,

THE FRENCH DETECTIVE;  
OR,  
THE BRIDE OF PARIS.

A Thrilling Story of the Commune.

BY A. P. MORRIS.

AUTHOR OF "BEAUTIFUL SPINX," "SILVER  
SERPENT," "THE BRIDE OF CHICAGO,"  
"STAR OF DIAMONDS," ETC.

## CHAPTER VI.

## THE DEATH-CART.

The Death-cart of Pierre Plaque came gliding noiselessly along at full speed, a lean black horse stretching his lank legs in a breakneck trot, as if to cut a path directly through the closely-packed hums crowding ahead.

This vehicle, entirely black and highly polished, mounted on two tall black wheels having long, thin spokes and broad tires; the top of the affair being open and tilted toward the rear, like an ordinary cart. Inside was a stool also black; across the front a black plank seat; on this seat, Pierre Plaque, holding and jerking a pair of black reins that terminated, amid a profusion of plain black harness, at the curb of a black bit.

Pierre Plaque wore a cone-shaped soft woolen cap of black, which dangled and bobbed behind in an immense bill-button. He wore no coat, but a black vest flapped open, and under the vest a black cloth shirt buttoned tight up in the throat. His skinny legs, in black, shrunken pants, were drawn up until his heels pressed the front-board of the cart and his toes projected like two spear-points. His fingers, with arms extended, twined, like a bunch of bleached eels, even fiercely round the reins. One eye, from the effect of a deep scar thereon, was widely distended and seemed to look far to the front; the other eye, small, keen and shrewd, appeared to take in every object near. His forehead was high, nose hooked, chin disfigured by a monstrous wart, and this wart danced up and down as his cadaverous mouth opened and shut, while he screamed shrilly:

"Make way, there! make way! Where is Jean Arnold, the detective? Where is Jean Arnold?"

Coming thus suddenly and unexpected, and so grotesque in appearance, and as if from the center of the flames that a few seconds past had deluged the air with heat, smoke and smell—for these flames were now panting themselves out—Pierre Plaque reminded one of a diminutive devil rising, with skip and scud, from the regions of perdition, whose brimstone fires he breathed and lived in.

But the swift, noiseless black Death-cart, and the ogling eye of the shriveled driver crouched upon the seat, at once betrayed the familiar presence of this recent introduction by order of General Cluseret, and the words with which the ugly anatomy greeted the mass of men and women, were taken up and echoed furiously.

"Where is Jean Arnold, the detective? Bring him out that we may strangle him!"

"Hold hard, Pierre Plaque!" cried the burly fellow who had figured upon the hoghead, checking the snorting horse by a gripe that nearly threw the animal backward. "Hold! there is time enough for Jean Arnold!"

"But you were right on his heels—he could not get away!" squealed Pierre Plaque.

"True. He is now in that abominable restaurant, where he shall presently tear to the ground if he does not come out!"

At this juncture the disguised negro wearing the turban and carrying the cineter, who happened near the Death-cart when it stopped, flourished his weapon aloft, and shouted:

"Death to Jean Arnold! Down with the detective!" which was repeated by a hundred screeching throats.

"We have caught another as good," continued the burly Frenchman, who mounted his hold upon the bit while he spoke with Pierre Plaque.



Not far in the rear of these two riders, sped the Death-cart of Pierre Plaque in hot pursuit.

"Oho! another as good!" echoed the Death-cart driver, cracking his knuckles in evident glee; then he stood up on the seat, rubbing the sides of his hooked nose with thumb and finger, and casting his small, keen one eye hither and thither, as if in search of the "other as good."

"Who is he? Where is he? We shall have him in my Death-cart in a trice, and take him a jolly ride before we spike his head on one of the barricades. Oho! by the bones of the catacombs! I see—you have not got him yet." And then for the first time he noticed the body of men surging before the doorway, heard the pistol-shots of the assailed detective, and the sullen murmur that demanded vengeance on Franz Edouin.

Franz had not been idle. His revolvers, of finest American make, were belching to the right and to the left, and several dead bodies were strewn prone around him, as if, indeed, he would carry out his threat to build a rampart of corpses as high and as strong as the front of Mont Valerien.

"Rob-o!" piped the Death-cart driver, now beginning to caper in excitement, "Franz Edouin is a good catch. At him, my brothers! Mind not those little barkers. Hand him up to me. I have heard much of but never saw this redoubtable Franz Edouin. Capture him, by all means. Now then—now then—at him all! Ha! ha!"

Franz had emptied the last chamber of his weapons and now grasped them by the barrels to use as billies. But a score of bloodthirsty men were upon him ere he could strike a blow, and he was pressed to the earth by an overwhelming mass who struck, kicked and belabored him so severely that his immediate death seemed imminent.

"Save him for me!" shrieked Pierre Plaque, rising on tiptoe, and saving the air with his attenuated arms. "Save his life. Get him into the Death-cart!"

In answer to the loud cries and frantic gestures of the Death-cart driver, the burly Frenchman left the horses' head, and was blowing, squeezing, lightning his way toward the prostrate form of Franz Edouin; his huge fists ascending and falling, sawing and hammering in mighty sweeps and rib-digging pokes, until, reaching the doorway and standing astraddle of the fallen man, he belabored:

"Stand back all! Come within reach of these big paws, and I will mash your heads like so many grapes in a wine-press. Keep back—you hear? We want this man for the Death-cart of Pierre Plaque; afterward you may hang, drown or shoot him, as you please."

Partly awed by the brawny arms and scowling visage of the gigantic rascal—who was a most popular leader of this particular riot—and tickled with the idea of riding the detective through the streets of Paris in Pierre Plaque's Death-cart, the mob, swayed by both inducements, howled, with one voice:

"Yes! Into the Death-cart with this detestable detective! In with him! and afterward we may shoot, drown, hang or strangle him. Live Pierre Plaque!"

Unfortunate Franz Edouin heard these cries and thanked Heaven that even a few moments more of life were left to him. Bruised from head to sole, he was not yet insensible, but, at the time, unable to speak or rise.

"Toss him over here!" called Pierre Plaque.

"By the old bones of the catacombs! we shall give him a ride, then build a guillotine with—Ha! the very thing!"—sneering the supposed negro and the cineter he carried. "The very thing! Come here with that sword of yours. It will fashion a guillotine to cut off the head of this miserable detective!"

At one bound the black fellow leaped into the cart, saying, willingly:

"Ay, Master Plaque, we'll ride him first in the Death-cart, and then cut off his dog of a head. Bravo! Bring us the detective—the last to the French ruffian who, half supporting Franz Edouin, whose arms were pinioned, was now forcing the victim forward."

When seated helplessly upon the stool within the dreaded Death-cart, the very soul of Franz Edouin recoiled, and a shiver like the ice of death convulsed his frame. He saw no mercy in his captors, and therefore shut his eyes upon the whirling scene.

He had heard of Pierre Plaque's Death-cart. By General Cluseret's orders it had been made, and to serve the malice of certain underlings of the Commune it was frequently used. It had hauled several wretched men from the *Dépot des Condamnés, Mazas*, and other prisons, to destinations as yet unknown to the thieves, felons and lesser desperadoes and viragos then ruling and ruining Paris, and any one once riding behind Pierre Plaque, in his somber vehicle, was never seen nor heard of again. Quite soon, therefore, the conveyance was known by even one in the city as a veritable Death-cart. But Franz Edouin had never till now beheld the dried, shriveled, vindictive driver of the Death-cart, for only with the uprise and devastating horrors of the red-flagged Commune had Pierre suddenly sprung from obscurity to notoriety, winning for himself a name of malicious cruelty.

Nor had Pierre Plaque ever beheld Franz Edouin, though having heard of his famous exploits in the role of a detective, and now that he had this noted personage in his cart, with the prospect of seeing him speedily beheaded, he stooped and bent his ugly little shape, and peered, with his still uglier face, into the countenance of the captive. Then, at one glance, he started back as if he had seen a ghost.

"Oho! that face!" he spluttered, in English. "By the bones of the catacombs! I have seen it before. But that I saw a certain woman die—and she was poisoned, I believe—in a certain house in England, I would swear that this Franz Edouin is that same woman in disguise. It cannot be, though, for I am sure I saw her die. Yet what a strange resemblance!"

It must be stated here that Franz Edouin, though tall and finely developed, muscular and brave, had a smooth, effeminate face, made more so by the long, loose brown curls hanging disheveled full below his coat-collar. With his eyes now closed to shut out the horribly suggestive tumult surrounding him, and his usual stern and flashing glance hidden, this womanly appearance was more striking than ever, and, forcibly reminding Pierre Plaque of some one he had seen poisoned to death.

"Come—be jogging along there!" growled the ruffian Frenchman, jumping from the cart and slapping the horse with his open palm.

Plaque slid onto his seat and gave the reins a violent jerk. Away went the cart, with the crowd on either side, hooting like demons and throwing both epithets and missiles at their captive. The supposed negro stood behind the prisoner, over whose head the cineter flourished anon in gleaming circles, threatening to decapitate him with each sweep.

As they moved ahead amid the cries, howls, screams and yelps of the insane throng, some of whom carried torches and blazing brands, Pierre Plaque continued to mutter to himself, in the English language:

"How strange! What a resemblance! Who can he be? So like the woman I saw die dead, dead, in England, years ago. But be he whoever he is, he is now in my Death-cart, and that is the last of him; for whose rides on that stool back there, rides to his or her death. So I shall bother my brains no more about him."

As Franz Edouin was thus being borne along to a doom he dared not imagine how horrible, feeling that naught but a miracle could save him, and still keeping his eyes closed upon the boisterous mob, he became aware that a strong hand was gripping and pinching him upon the shoulder, as if by way of a signal. Presently his veins thrilled, as a low-toned, familiar voice uttered in his ear:

"Have hope, Franz. The course is toward one of our Bureaux of *Commissaire de Police*; even now the red square lantern is in sight, and these murderers have no heed which way we go. I have a sharp and ready blade to cut your

thangs. When I give the word—by crying into your ear the word 'Now'—we must leap for it and run into the Bureau. Do not forget the signal."

"Jean Arnold!" exclaimed Franz, in the same guarded tone and without turning his head.

"How, under Heaven, are you here at my side and unharmed?"

Jean Arnold was silent. He already feared that his brief communication with the prisoner had been observed, for Pierre Plaque was at that moment gazing intently at the supposed negro, with his small, keen one eye, seeming to have scented or discovered something suspicious.

## CHAPTER VII.

## THE ESCAPE.

The mob was now approaching one of those Bureaux of *Commissaire de Police* which abound at convenient points in Paris, where persons may lodge complaints or seek information of lost or stolen articles, and generally obtain satisfaction, for the reason that the *Gardiens de Paris*, local and imperial, were alike in being everywhere and among all classes, high and low, to such perfect extent, and in such cunning disguises, as rendered any task in their line of duty comparatively easy to perform.

While Franz Edouin gave himself to hope that he might escape—stealing a covert glance at the lantern ahead and keeping his ears alert for the expected signal—Pierre Plaque was neglecting his horse, allowing it to pick its own way, and was keenly scrutinizing the supposed negro, his second companion in the Death-cart.

In the jostling, squeezing and rubbing of many bodies, the lamplight which made Jean Arnold appear to be a very black negro had been scraped upon his face, and, unknown to him, there was a great white smear on one cheek, betraying the true color of the skin beneath.

Pierre Plaque, casting a look over his shoulder to make sure of the safety of his prisoner, had been arrested by the too-vehement behavior of the negro, and at once observed that white smear on the latter's cheek. Having now an opportunity to scan more closely the features of the man he imagined was a genuine negro, and aided by the blazing brands and torches of the mob, he saw that the smear was neither paint, chalk nor dirt, but that the owner of the black face wore a white skin under it.

"Oho! my lark," thought the Death-cart driver, turning his gaze in another direction, that the supposed negro might not have a suspicion of his discovery. "Alas! my bird. I have two whites in my cart. One is masquerading. What for? Am I blind? Oh, no. One stroke of that cineter, and Franz Edouin, this rat-of-a-detective, is free. A friend who runs this risk to save him. A bold friend. I see. Ha! ha!"—a low chuckle—"Now I shall give them both to this thirsty rabble. Not a rib nor a nail will they leave. Let me show my masquerading fellow a trick. I will take this street ahead. Hello, there!"—in his loud, cracked voice—"turn to the right!"

"Turn to the right!" passed from mouth to mouth above the din of voices.

During Pierre's discovery that he had two white men in his cart instead of one, he had permitted his horse to walk, while the mob, on a half-run, kept forging ahead; so that by the time the corner was reached—which was but a few yards from the Bureau of the *Commissaire de Police*—scarce a dozen remained around and behind the prisoner in the Death-cart.

"This bit of information," chuckled Pierre, "I shall keep for the rabble until we are at the spot of execution. Then we shall have a double exhibition. By the bones of the catacombs! it will be sport—rare sport. Oho!"

He was cut short by a sudden and shrill voice in his rear. The voice cried:

"Now!"

And simultaneously Pierre Plaque was knocked headfirst from his seat, falling under the wheels of the cart, which passed over him and

wrung forth a squeal almost unearthly in its agony.

The cineter of Jean Arnold cut the bonds of Franz Edouin, and the latter, armed with a sharp, long dagger, followed his friend in a quick, irresistible assault upon the few of the mob who were yet in the vicinity of the Death-cart.

This attack, with cineter and dagger, both keen, well-handled and unsparing—the opposing ruffians having nothing but frail sticks and half-burnt brands with which to defend themselves—not only overwhelmed them with surprise, but laid many of them bleeding on the pave, and cleared a path for escape ere the painful screams of Pierre Plaque, or the angry chorus of others for help could apprise the great body of the mob of what was transpiring.

"Quick, Franz Edouin!" called Jean. "Look! The door of the Bureau is opened for us, and they are barring the iron doors for defense."

At the moment when the mob drew near there were a score of *Gardiens de Paris* congregated in the Bureau, and a few had come out to ascertain the cause of the disturbance. It happened that those assembled had not yet cast their destinies with the Commune, notwithstanding that new power had proclaimed itself the champion of individual liberty, the rights of conscience and the energy of order; in fact, were on this night debating the wisdom of such a course, as a premise to final action. Not yet being identified either way, and recognizing a part of the destructive element of the Commune in the approaching crowd of rough, fiend-like men and women, and perceiving the Death-cart, with whose brief and abominable record they were both familiar and disgusted, they were even on the point of charging the mob—though it might have required the whole four thousand five hundred police of Paris to disperse them—when the two men made that bold dash for liberty which excited the admiration of lookers-on, and caused many to cry, encouragingly:

"Hollo! this way. Make haste!"

Others, foreseeing an attack upon the Bureau, as a result of sheltering the two fleeing men, sprung to double bolt and bar the heavy windows.

In fewer seconds than it requires to tell it, Franz Edouin and his friend, panting and exhausted, were safe behind the massive door, against which rattled and railed the impotent bullets, stones and chagrin oaths of the infuriated mob.

"Jean Arnold, I owe you my life."

"There, friend; you would have done the same for me. Hark! something fresh is happening without."

The disappointed mob, bent upon forcing an entrance, and replying in like to the pistol-shots poured upon them from the upper windows, failed to perceive a body of horsemen that swept into the street at a gallop round a distant block. The first appraisal they had of the new-comers was when a hundred sabers flashed from their sheaths and dropped to head-level as a bugle-blast ordered the charge.

"The National Guard! Take care! the National Guard!" yelled the panic-stricken rioters, who broke and fled precipitately.

Slashing thuds and groans of death mingled with hearty oaths where a sudden jam was mistaken for a rally of resistance; thundering hoofs and ringing steel bore down the fleeing horde.

Then a saber hilt rapped at the Bureau door, and a voice commanded:

"Open to the National Guard!"

General Cluseret, during his brief career as Delegate of War, was too shrewd a soldier to care to lose the four thousand five hundred trained police of Paris in the coming struggle, and this detachment of the Guard, which arrived so opportunely, had been dispatched to ascertain the sentiment of this particular prefecture, and make prisoners such as were antagonistic to the Commune.

While the Guards were routing the mob, Franz Edouin and Jean Arnold were making their way to the rear of the building.

This unfortunate affair has delayed me several hours," remarked Jean, as they emerged upon an alleyway where all was still and dark, and nothing but the rumbling explosion of big guns at the west of Paris broke the silence of the night.

After so much noise and excitement, the precinct of this deserted alley seemed like the recess of a grave.

"Delayed you in what, friend Jean?" questioned Franz, glancing about him as if fearful of the presence of some lurking spy of the mob.

"I was intrusted, at sunset, with a dispatch from Cluseret to the Assembly at Versailles, being instructed to return by daylight. I will now have a hard ride of it."

"To Versailles!" exclaimed Franz. "Why, it is my very direction."

The message intrusted to Jean Arnold was a notification from the Executive Committee, over the signature of Cluseret, treating for a suspension of arms at Neuilly, that the old men, women and children, non-combatants, who had lived and starved for weeks in cellars, might be permitted to enter Paris. This first messenger never reached his destination, which may explain, partly, why, on the appointed morning, the Versailles were supposed to have violated a sacred armistice by continuing the cannonade from Mont Valerien and other batteries.

"How happened it, friend Jean," continued Franz Edouin, "that you are cast so soon and willingly with the Commune?"

"Unhappily so, you may add. Ah! it was my brain to the rescue of my neck. I could not avoid it"—and Jean sighed deeply, as he paused at a drinking trough to wash the black stain from his face.

"Your true sympathies, then, friend Jean, are not with these—"

"Butchers?—no. Alas, poor France. Who shall rebuild thy glories, since our Napoleon is gone? Hist! was not that some one moving in the shadow there?"

"Perhaps a cat. The interest is at the front of the Bureau. No one would come here. Dear friend, I, too, am bound for Versailles. In your true ear I may whisper: certain Imperialists, ready to avail of anything that will relieve Paris of this horrid Commune, have intrusted me with information hitherto known only to the emperor himself, and which will afford vast assistance to the Versailles. There is now in Saxony. When he returns, and our approaches are complete, that wonderful man will make known his plans, which, all feel, are to restore law and quiet to our now bloody streets, even



though his government be obnoxious to many. In my jaw I wear a hollow tooth, and in that tooth I carry a cipher of the information I speak of. Come—to Versailles! We go together."

As they left the alley a small, wriggling figure crept forward and stole after them round the fence-wall. Even in the thick gloom of the alley it was impossible to mistake the ugly little shape of Pierre Plaque, the Death-cart driver. Among the first to save his precious neck, when the detachment of the Guard charged the mob, he had turned the near corner and darted into the dark alley, just in time to shelter himself from discovery by Franz Edouin, then in the crowd, as the two came from the rear door of the Bureau.

"A merry pair!" he gibbered, rubbing his fingers over and over, like a squirrel nibbling a nut. "To Versailles, eh? He has a hollow tooth in his jaw. Franz Edouin, there is to be confirmed spy against the Commune. Oh! my birds. But you may not reach Versailles. I owe you for these half-crushed ribs, my friend with the black face. By the bones of the catamounts! I thought myself in a time when that wheel saved across my stomach. We shall see whether you reach Versailles. A gay pair, forsooth!"

Within an hour two men, fully armed, were galloping for a less frequented road to the southwest of Paris, pausing only to exhibit passports, then dashing on again at full speed.

Not far in the rear of these two riders—and noiseless save for the rattling strokes of horse-hoofs—sped the Death-cart of Pierre Plaque in hot pursuit. The beast's ears lay flat to his head, and his tail howled straight in the wind. No whip nor spur was needed, but the voice of the impatient driver caused him to leap like a hound on a fox's trail. Pierre Plaque drove a wonderful horse. The horse, cart and driver being well known, no time was lost in stopping for passports or passwords, and he was steadily gaining upon the two horsemen.

Two men, accompanied Pierre Plaque, and, as if by a devilish chance, they were the same who had been missioned, by the man in the doorway of M. Achefort's house, to follow and assassinate Franz Edouin.

"I have heard it said," grumbled one of the assassins, "that whose rides in the Death-cart of Pierre Plaque, that is the last of him or her. I hope the saying may not come true for us, comrade."

"Mon Dieu! I could not afford it. For, in case we do not succeed in killing this man we are after—who is Franz Edouin, the famous detective, and for whose death Monsieur De Vin will pay well—I have another task to perform, which is, to advise Helen Varcla, the actress, of the hour when he returns to Paris, for which notification she, also, will pay well. I think that Helen Varcla owes him a grudge, though she expressly said, 'Do not kill this man, but let him live for me.' Pietro, our comrade, is at Rouen on a similar mission—watching a man for Helen Varcla. Whether we kill Franz Edouin or not, I am sure of a reward; and you, my brother, can share it with me."

"I like that. Good. We have two chances. Pierre Plaque paid no heed to this conversation. His keen, small, one eye glanced eagerly ahead, while he urged on his galloping horse; and only once he squeaked:

"If we can catch them before they reach the cross-road they will never reach Versailles."

"And why the cross-road, Pierre?" asked one. "You are a grand fool! They will have the army of the Versailles to back them. See! there is the cross-road, and now we are within a hundred feet of the rascals. Ha! get your weapons ready."

Saying which, Pierre Plaque drew from his belt a monstrous pistol carrying a bullet as heavy as a rifle-ball. Evidently, the Death-cart driver was no coward, withal his sly, wicked, calculating nature.

Presently the night air reverberated with the loud crack of the pistol, and a hissing messenger of death sped toward the fleeing horsemen. Simultaneously sounded a cry of agony from the man's lips and a snort from a mortally wounded horse. The large bullet had done a double deed.

There was a stumble, a struggle and a cloud of dust.

Into this cloud of dust plunged Pierre Plaque, for he could not check his racing beast. Over and into a horse and man went the Death-cart and its occupants, turning a somersault and crashing to the ground in a wild, wrecked, jumbled mass, making thud and crash, and a cloud that enveloped a scene of murder and quick retribution.

Only two living forms at last extricated themselves from the tangle of accident and death: one the horse of Pierre Plaque, the other one of the assassins—the one who had spoken of a bargain with Helen Varcla, the actress, as also one with Monsieur De Vin.

"Mon Dieu!" groaned the wretch, feeling his bones, to see if he was really unhurt. "Everybody is dead, I think; the horse, the other man, Pierre Plaque and my comrade. Ha! a thought. I must reach Versailles. Somebody, no doubt, will find these dead bodies and bury them. I have no time for grave-digging. I must go on to Versailles after Franz Edouin, for I perceive that the one Pierre Plaque has shot is not Franz Edouin. Now I am off again. I must either kill Franz Edouin, or get the ring he wears, or let Helen Varcla know when he returns to Paris. How she knew that he would leave Paris is a secret of her own."

While speaking thus aloud he had caught the black horse, stripped everything from him except the bridle and check-rein, and then bounding upon the animal's bare back dug his heels into the panting ribs.

Far down the road a single horseman, now nearly lost to view, was galloping rapidly toward Versailles, and on went the lucky assassin in hot chase, heedless of occasional shots from ambush picked by the roadside.

"On to Versailles! On to Versailles!" he spluttered and gasped; and with every word he gave the mad horse another dig with his heels.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 44.)

## The Parson's Choice.

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

"WELL, now, Deacon Conway, I s'pose the man knows his own feelin's, and if he wanted to marry, he'd do it, without anybody's finger in the pie."

"Certainly, certainly, sister Palmer! Still, as he might not know—the state of popular feeling, and—and—the I may say, wishes of the church, it would be well to mention the matter," returned the good deacon.

"All right, you kin talk it over. As far as I'm concerned," and in her earnestness Aunt Polly Palmer dropped the apple she was peeling before converting it into a dumpling for the parson's dinner, and stood with her hands resting on her hips, to talk to the bland deacon, "as far as I'm concerned, I'd be glad to see Mr. Howland get married! Not that he's the least bit of trouble as a boarder—I never did see a man easier to please! Why, I may go to work and fry chickens, and make hot biscuits and coffee for supper, and pile on a tablecloth, and I do believe in my soul he'd be just as well suited if I'd give him only a slice of cold bread, and a glass of milk and a saucer of berries—as I was sayin', I never did see a man so easy to please! But, la! la! me, deacon! if you jest could see the way all the young gals, yes, and some that's old enough to know better, does run after and bedevil that poor man, settin' their caps fur him."

"Yes! yes! that is one reason why we suggest a slight change—just one reason, sister Palmer."

"Wal, it's a good one, fur's it goes. Why, there ain't a day but what some one on 'em's a-trottin' in with some fool fancy-work, what hain't got no mind to use, fur the 'dear pastor.' His room's a sight with his, and brush-rack, and frames, and the Lord only knows what all!"

And as for slippers, and handkerchiefs, and collars, and neckties, he's got enough to set up a shop with. And, don't you believe, deacon Conway, only yesterday Bill Burleigh brought over a—smoking-cap! and a pipe-case! when poor dear Mr. Howland can't abide tobacco in any case, or any shape! And they was worked with scarlet monkeys, playin' fiddles, onto black velvet! Jest think of offerin' fiddlin' monkeys to a minister of the Gospel! Mr. Howland was out when she come, an' so she left 'em fur me to give him. An' when I heard him in his room, I took the tongs and carried 'em in, fur I didn't want to touch the unrighteous things, an' you jest ought to 'a' seen him laugh!"

"I dare say," said the deacon, laughing himself at Aunt Polly's spirited recital. "But time presses, sister Palmer. If you will just mention to brother Howland that I am here—or shall I go up to his room, while the church was greatly edified and pleased with their young pastor, they were sure that his usefulness would be greatly increased if he was a married man. They, therefore, if he was not entirely averse to so doing, asked him to take early consideration, and make such choice of a helpmeet as best suited himself."

Mr. Howland smiled, but did not say he was averse to matrimony, and did not seem to resent the interference of his congregation. After a little discussion he summoned Aunt Polly to join the conference.

"Brother Conway tells me you understand the matter in hand, Aunt Polly," said he, with a comical smile, which Aunt Polly also understood.

She nodded and smiled in return.

"Well, then, supposing I make a choice at once, are you willing to allow me to invite a few friends here on the occasion?"

"Certainly! I'll give you a number one little wedding-party, that's all," said she, promptly responding Mrs. Palmer.

"I didn't call it a party. But I thought we might have a few friends if it were not too much trouble to you."

Good Aunt Polly declared it was not a trouble, but a pleasure to do anything for her minister. There was some further discussion held, and as a result, on Sabbath morning, after the last hymn was sung, Mr. Howland said that he believed the deacons had some announcements to make, and with the permission of the congregation, he would retire.

A rumor of what was on the tapis had got round somehow, and the house was crowded, especially with young ladies. There was a perfect stillness, when after Mr. Howland had retired, deacon Conway rose, and said that he had the pleasure of informing his brethren and sisters that their beloved pastor had in contemplation the important question of matrimony; and on Thursday evening, at eight o'clock, he would, if any of the friends present chose to assemble at the house of sister Palmer, he would make known his choice. Also, he had to announce, on behalf of sister Palmer, that a light refreshment would be provided for the company, and if any of the sisters would like to contribute to it, or assist in its preparation, she would be very grateful for their help."

The congregation was then dismissed, and the buzzing tongues loosened. Every girl in the house was curious to find out who the chosen one was.

"Why, what a funny invitation to a wedding!" said Bill Burleigh.

"How do you know 'tis a wedding? He only said he'd make known his choice," snapped Aunt Polly.

"Well, of course that's what it means! I do, Aunt Polly, you know who he'll choose! Do tell us, and I'll bring you the nicest cake you ever saw!"

"Shan't tell if I do know, only 'tain't me! Was Aunt Polly's answer. And she mentally added: "And 'tain't you, either!" But she didn't say that, for she did not want to destroy the chance of Burleigh's cake, which she knew would be nice.

She was shrewd in her guess that she would have plenty of help. Such glasses of jelly, and crystal-clear dishes of fruit, such loaves of snowy cake and baskets of dainty jumbles and kisses as went into Aunt Polly's pantry on Thursday, never went there before.

Busy fingers flew their swiftest to get the table ready, and busy tongues asked a thousand questions, to which Aunt Polly would only answer: "Tain't me, that's all I can tell!" and "Wait and see!" while she ordered the busy groups about to her liking.

Mr. Howland was not visible all day. To the anxious inquirers after him, Aunt Polly would say: "He ain't wanted yet, but if you must know, he's gone over to C—ville. He'll be back by sundown."

Now C—ville was the county seat, so the surmises were many that he had gone after a license, and that the ceremony would be performed that night.

But who was to be the bride? The invitation had been made so very indefinite that many a feminine bosom fluttered with the hope that it might yet be herself, and never were so many white dresses worn on one occasion in this village as on the evening when Aunt Polly Palmer's little dwelling, on that evening.

"Land sakes!" cried Aunt Polly, "he'd have to be old Brigham himself, or one of his biggest elders, to take the half of 'em that's ready and willing!"

Almost all the company were assembled when a rumor ran round that Mr. Howland had come, but he had gone up-stairs, and Deacon Conway and Aunt Polly were with him.

The important moment must be at hand, and when a motion was heard on the stairs a hush fell over the crowd, and all eyes turned expectantly to the parlor door.

It opened—Deacon Conway and Aunt Polly came in, followed by Mr. Howland with a sweet, modest little lady dressed in gray silk, leaning upon his arm.

"Friends," began the deacon, as the little party paused, "I have now the pleasure of presenting to you Brother Howland and his bride. Our pastor has been, for his long time, engaged to marry Miss Ella Lissom, of C—ville, and at the wish of his charge, he has hastened things a little, and now presents, for your love and friendship, Mrs. Ella Howland, who became his wife this afternoon, at her own home. Now, friends, your congratulations on our pastor's choice will be in order!"

Deacon Conway took his seat, and for an instant there was an awkward hush. Then somebody broke the ice, and all crowded forward with good wishes, while the bride, engaged to marry Miss Ella Lissom, of C—ville, and at the wish of his charge, he has hastened things a little, and now presents, for your love and friendship, Mrs. Ella Howland, who became his wife this afternoon, at her own home. Now, friends, your congratulations on our pastor's choice will be in order!"

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And if poor Bill Burleigh thought of the scarlet monkeys he had spent so much time in, in hope of something else, nobody was the wiser.

Aunt Polly's delicious supper quite restored the balance of good-humor, and as Mrs. Howland, nee Miss Lissom, was a sweet little soul, and made friends wherever she went, before the evening was ended Aunt Polly was highly delighted, and everybody else contented with the Parson's Choice.

WILLIAM came running into the house the other day and asked eagerly: "Where does charity begin?" "At home," was replied, "in the words of the proverb." "Not by a good deal," rejoined the boy; "it begins at sea, (c)"

A BEAUTY who went to be photographed at the seaside resort, after taking her seat in the chair of torture, was thus addressed by the insinuating operator: "Now, miss, you look at me as if I was your young man, and you'd met me unexpectedly."

## A GLOVE'S CONFESSION.

BY HERMAN KARPELS.

She glided by me in the hall,  
And turned her head away;  
But as she passed, I saw it fall,  
And seized it where it lay.  
A glove that she alone could wear,  
Of dainty shape and size—  
The impress of her hand still there  
Enhanced to me the prize.

And proudly then I stood apart,  
Alone, amid the crowd;  
Her glove was folded on my heart,  
And calmed its beatings loud;  
And though she gave me some one,  
As through the dance she swept,  
Still as a pledge of what might be,  
Her tiny glove I kept.

And oft I questioned it alone,  
And longed to know its story,  
Till fancy, to a climax grown,  
Methought it made reply.  
When others spoke my name,  
And how her lovely hazel eyes  
Were downward cast for shame.

And further still, this traitor glove,  
With charming candor told,  
That maidens always tried to love,  
If men are only bold!  
So never more will I despair,  
"Adele," said the glove,  
And by this captured glove I swear  
Its mistress shall be mine!

## Elegant Egbert;

## THE GLOVED HAND.

A MISSISSIPPI RIVER ROMANCE.

BY PHILIP S. WARNE.

### CHAPTER XXVII.

"WHO WOULD BELIEVE ME?"

"Ah! Ma'am'selle Adele!" cried M. Bourdoine, "vat shall bring her at ze time inopportune! Messieurs, make way to ze carriage!"

He bent over her and would have lifted her by the hand, but she had turned and grasped him by the shoulder and drew him back.

After the first deadly faintness and horror, Felix had broken away from Captain Hovey. No one but he must touch Adele. He had turned from her and tried to tear her from his heart, but he still had rights before the hands of strangers.

Lifting her limp form in his arms, he bore her to the carriage, now empty, Mr. Scoville, the proprietor of the Metropole, not having joined the gentlemen gathered about Egbert.

"Go to yonder carriage and get a flask of brandy, which you will find near the case of surgical instruments," he said to the driver. "When I give the word, Felix ordered the carriage and placed his burden in a reclining posture on the back seat, still supporting her head on his arm.

"Oh, my poor darling! will you ever forgive me?" he murmured, gazing into her wan face.

He kissed the pale lips again and again. It might be his last opportunity.

"And have I killed your brother?" he sighed. "Ah! what fiend could have possessed me to fight with him? Why was not my arm paralyzed before it directed the accursed weapon? Oh, but it was my sister, Adele. He had wronged her beyond words. Think of her life, blasted!"

"Here is the liquor, sir," said a waiter. "Receiving the flask from the man, he poured a few drops between the lips of the unconscious girl; then bathed her temples with it and chafed her hands.

The girl moved uneasily, moaned, opened her eyes, gazed about wonderingly, recognized the face bending over her, started up, and shrunk shuddering away.

"No! no! no!" cried the girl, wildly, shrinking back with horror. "Do not dare to touch me ever again! Your hands are stained with his blood! Murderer! Do you hear—on Thursday!"

With a groan Felix sunk back on the forward seat, hiding his face with his hands from her accusing eyes.

With a cry she leaped by him out of the carriage, and ran to where Egbert lay under the shelter of the trees.

Recognizing only M. Bourdoine, she clutched his arm and covered close to his side, whispering, in a hoarse voice, while she gazed between the bodies of the other gentlemen at the motionless form of her brother.

"Oh! he is dead? Has he killed him? Oh! I saw him fall—I saw him fall!"

"No, madam, he is not dead," replied the surgeon, looking up. "M. Bourdoine, if you are a friend of the lady, will you take her to her car?"

"Oh, no! not there! He is there! Let me stay with my brother."

"You must be very quiet, then, and not disturb him when he recovers."

"Jackson, can you improvise a litter with the tongues of the carriages? There is a house not far from here to which we can carry him. It would be dangerous to attempt to move him to the city now; but with proper care this wound need not prove fatal, though it is certainly critical. The hall has passed above the heart. I shall probe for it as soon as we get him to bed."

The latter part of the doctor's speech was addressed to the other gentlemen. Colonel Jayson had immediately gone off to make the litter, as soon as he learned what was required of him.

The tongues of two of the carriages were removed and laid side by side. The shillies-trees were then bound across them about six feet apart, and over this structure was stretched a horse-blanket, making a very comfortable litter.

It was not the first time Colonel Jackson had had the supervision of a like device.

The wounded man was carefully placed upon the litter, and four men bore him to a small cottage farm-house, perhaps a quarter of a mile up the river.

The farmer's wife gave up two of her best rooms, and Adele entered upon her duties as nurse, which were destined to hold her for several weeks.

The duel was over. Felix went home and shut himself up in his library. He resolved to arrange his business so that he could go abroad for two or three years. In a week's time everything could be arranged.

The only drawback was Sibyl. She seemed threatened with a severe attack of illness. As yet the doctor was mistaken. But, after what has passed, you cannot expect me to cling to life. No, Adele, it will be better for all concerned that I should be removed out of the way."

"He says that with proper nursing you will get well. And I will nurse you, Bertie! Oh, my care will not be remitted a moment!"

Egbert shook his head.

"The doctor is mistaken," he said. "A man with proper hope and the desire to live might rally; but not I."

"Oh! do not speak so, Bertie. You do desire to live—for my sake."

"I love you, dear. I am sorry for the pain my death will cause you. But, after what has passed, you cannot expect me to cling to life. No, Adele, it will be better for all concerned that I should be removed out of the way."

"Oh, Bertie!"

"I had all that man could crave. I have lost all! To me now life would be a protracted hell."

Before I had nothing to look back upon. Now the contrast would drive me to suicide."

"My brother, you are ill now. When you are well—"

"Would the return to health bring back her love and respect?"

"Bertie, she is your wife. Can the year of happiness pass for nothing? She must forgive you, dear."

"Reason of pain shot athwart his face. 'It is of this I wish to speak to you now. Have you forgiven me? Can you love a brother branded for forgery?'"

She buried her face in the bedclothes to stifle the cry of pain that rose to her lips.

"I have nothing to forgive," she said, when she could command her voice. "Nothing in the world could change my love for you, Bertie, can I ever forget? You did not shoot at him."

"I faint smile came to Egbert's lips. 'It was a slight return for all the misery I have brought you. Besides, could I shoot her brother?'"

"Will not that plead for you, dear?"

"Adele, if Sibyl were to forgive a felon, could she ever respect him?"

"But a life of right living?"

"Could never blot out the recollection that her husband was branded by the law!"

Adele was silenced.

"Adele," said the sick man, presently, "in my portfolio you will find a large envelope addressed: 'To my wife.' Get it and bring it here."

The girl complied.

"I wrote this on the night of the fifteenth," he went on, "and just before our meeting Felix promised that he would not oppose its delivery after my death. I want you to read it now, and when I am dead take it to her."

With trembling fingers Adele drew forth the inclosures. They consisted of a letter in Egbert's handwriting and a document showing that his name had been changed from Charles J. Wells to Egbert Stanhope by act of the legislature of Maine.

Having gathered the import of this last document, Adele kissed her brother with grateful tears in her eyes. Here was one point, at least, cleared up.

Then she set to work to read the letter eagerly. But she had read scarcely a page when she cried:

"Oh, Bertie! you are innocent! I knew it! I knew it! Oh, I should never have entertained a moment of doubt, if you had not seemed to confess it yourself! And even then I could not bring myself to see how it could be possible. Oh, my darling!"

And casting herself on her knees at the bedside, she fell to sobbing and kissing his hand.

"But why did you not tell us?" she asked. "This suffering might have been prevented."

He shook his head.

"Who would have believed me in the face of the brand of the law. No, there is no use. When I am dead perhaps she will try to make herself believe my innocence, and it may be some comfort to her."

"But our mother believed you, dear, and my father believed you, and I believe you!"

"It would have been indeed, if my own mother had refused to believe me. As for your father, I think his love for me must have induced him to make large concessions, even at variance with his judgment. I can never be sufficiently grateful to him for his kindness. My own father could not have done more."

"But I, Bertie! There is nothing to induce me to believe you but my knowledge of your uprightness of character. And I believe you implicitly."

"But you are my little sister, Adele. And, don't you see, you have taken my bare word without having weighed the evidence?"

"But she is your wife. Is she not as near to you as I? And has she not known you intimately for over a year?"

Again he shook his head.

"Every one has not your trusting nature," he said. "Even when you believed me guilty, you did not turn from me."

"No, no, I never really believed you guilty, Bertie. I always knew that somehow it couldn't be, in spite of everything."

"That is the difference of nature, love. You have no pride—only your gentle, clinging heart."

At this moment the doctor entered.

"What is talking?" he said, stepping quickly forward to feel his patient's pulse. "This will never do. You have worked yourself into a fever."

"It matters little, doctor. It was business that must be attended to before I had lost the power."

"Business be—neglected!" said the doctor, checking himself in time. "I'm afraid I shall have to get you a more discreet nurse."

"No, I'll not offend again," said Adele, her eyes sparkling like diamonds.

"Doctor, how long will he sleep?" she asked, when the physician was about to take his departure.

"Three or four hours—perhaps five."

Ten minutes later Adele was in a carriage, driving like the wind toward Riverside!

### CHAPTER XXVIII.

PRIDE AND LOVE.

WITH palpitating heart Adele found herself once more in the carriage leading up to the mansion house of Riverside. When she alighted and ascended the steps of the veranda, her limbs trembled under her so that she could scarcely support herself.

The maid who answered the bell hardly repressed a scream.

"Fore de Lo! Missy Adele!"

"Is Mrs. Stanhope in her room?" asked Adele, hurriedly.

"Yes, missy."

"Say nothing to any one about my being here. I can find my way alone."

She slipped a piece of money into the girl's hand, and ran up the staircase and along the corridor until she reached Sibyl's door.

"Come!" said a faint voice, in answer to her knock.

She opened the door, glided in, and closed it behind her.

A creature pitifully wan and weebegone reclined in an invalid-chair, looking the wreck of our blooming Sibyl. Her eyes were red with constant weeping and her face was drawn with pain.

On the bed, within reach of her hand, lay her infant, peacefully sleeping.

A sight of Adele the stricken wife started up with faint cry, but immediately sunk back, almost fainting.

Adele glided up to her, cast herself on her knees on an ottoman at her side, and clasped the quivering, panting form in her arms.



portunity to put the money in my pocket, or to detect any one else in the act of doing so.

"But all this is now to no purpose. The past is dead and buried.

"In my prison my mother visited me, in company with the man she afterward married, Col. Egbert Stanhope, Adele's father. Almost crazed with a sense of utter helplessness under monstrous injustice, I threw myself on my knees before them, and assured them of my innocence again and again by every sacred pledge I could think of.

"My mother believed me. Had she doubted me then I believe I would have committed suicide, if I had had to starve myself to death by refusing food.

"As for Col. Stanhope, if he doubted my innocence, he dissembled his feelings. His love for my mother, which was extraordinary, may have led him to do that. Certainly he would have lost her if his wife had acted otherwise than as he did.

"From whatever motive, he espoused my cause; and a father could not have done more for me than he did. But all proved of no avail. I was tried and condemned, and had sentence executed upon me—years imprisonment and branding in the palm!

"Under her trouble my mother was completely prostrated. For my sake she would have defied her marriage, as if I had died. But I knew that she needed the care that only he could give her, and added my solicitations to his, so that her scruples were overcome; and I believe that the preservation of her life was due to the tenderness with which he watched over her.

"While I was in prison my mother visited me for an hour every day. This saved me from despair.

"When my term was expired Col. Stanhope removed to the North with his wife and child, Adele, then a year old, and myself. By act of the Legislature of the State of Maine, he gave me his name. I shall never forget my mother's gratitude!

"My mother's very tenderness to me was a constant reminder of the cloud that had fallen upon my life; and I was seized with a morbid dread of every one who knew of the indelible brand in my palm. I longed to be alone among strangers. Seeing that I was sinking into a brooding monomania, she finally yielded to my incessant entreaties and gave her consent to my going abroad.

"For six years I wandered in a vast desert of humanity, never meeting a familiar face. I dared not make friends, lest they should learn the story of that brand of ignominy that burned like a quenchless fire in my palm. As for love, how could I drag the woman I loved down to—Oh, God! Sibly, my wronged wife! to the fate I have given you!

"After six years the man to whose generosity I owed so much died, and I was called home to console my widowed mother. She placed my sister Adele in my arms, and followed the man who had become necessary to her existence.

"I cannot tell you what a boon to my aching heart was the gentle, loving child of seven. I loved her and still love her second only to you. I dedicated my life to her, nor cared for the love of any other woman until I met you.

"Then, my wife, came the keenest agony and the greatest joy of my wretched life. You know the circumstances that brought us together. Had I been alone I might have torn myself away; but I saw that my sister was attracted by your brother, and he by her. This, together with the overpowering love I conceived for you at first sight, led me to temporize, and temporizing I became lost.

"My strange behavior when Felix proposed for my sister's hand was not, as you interpreted it at the time, chiefly due to pain at losing her, though I confess my heart turned sick with a sense of loss. But in my absorbing passion for you I had forgotten all about her possible love for Felix. It burst upon me a complete surprise, and with it came the thought that, after their marriage, the secret of my life might be discovered, and Felix in his pride might turn against me and perhaps treat her coldly, when he would break her heart.

"For the first time I saw that my life might prove a curse to her. Then, too, how could I be related to you, and meet you, as would be unavoidable, without telling my love? The two women whom I loved could reap only misery from association with me!

"Sibly, when you came to me that night—when I saw in your face that you loved me, I became intoxicated with delight, and cast every scruple behind me. I swore then to possess you at any and every hazard. My secret might never be discovered, and if it was, your love might triumph over everything else, and you might be happy in each other, in spite of the world.

"Up to that time I was not sure whether or not John Boardman recognized me, though it was a constant dread. When he denounced me I was paralyzed. But your infatuation with my life was my vindication, and then I deceived your brother.

"This statement cannot alter the world's verdict, but I write it in the hope that you will receive it into your heart, and that the belief that I do not merit your contempt may make your sorrow less hard to bear.

"Oh, my injured wife! now that I am dead—for this will come to you as a voice from the grave—can you believe me—can you forgive me? Think of the year that you have lain next to my heart! If I were infatuated with no word or look have betrayed me—could I have deceived you so completely?"

But here the reader was interrupted.

"No! no!" cried Sibly, rising to her feet, now strong in her great love. "I have heard enough. Let us go to him at once. Oh! if a life of untiring devotion can repay him in part for all that he has suffered, I pray God to spare his life to me!"

(To be continued—commenced in No. 434.)

## A Touch of Jealousy.

BY JENNIE DAVIS DUNTON.

"If I had known you would care in the least, I would have declined Mrs. Colonel Agnew's invitation, but since I have promised, you mustn't be unreasonable. I threw myself on my knees before them, and assured them of my innocence again and again by every sacred pledge I could think of.

"You were perfectly aware of my opinion, Harold. Look at me, sir! How would you like it if I were to go to such gatherings as this of Mrs. Agnew's without you, and receive the attention of other gentlemen?"

"I wouldn't give you the chance," smiled Harold Gale. "I'd make it a point to be on hand and look after my own property."

"Yet you go to places which I do not attend—which you would not wish me to attend."

"Only because I wouldn't choose for my future wife a young lady given to fashionable frivolity," Mr. Gale hastened to declare. "You know, dear, it was because you were such a modest little home blossom that I learned to prize you so."

"Still you think it too much of a deprivation to give up enjoyments I may not share. I wonder what I may look for by-and-by if this is the case now?"

"My dear Lu, you wouldn't enjoy yourself. You would be out of your element. I don't care for this sort of thing myself, tired of it long ago, and I'll be bored to death, but I can't very well get around going since I've promised. I'll tell you, though, since you take it to heart so, I'll only drop in and make my excuses. How will that do?"

It was in the process of making his excuses to Mrs. Colonel Agnew, apparently, that Mr. Gale should attach himself as the special attendant of a certain Miss Dubar, whose blonde beauty had very nearly insured him the season before.

"Do you know the horrible story I have heard of you?" asked Miss Dubar, with a frown of her ivory fan.

"I am sure you wouldn't give anything bad about me a moment's belief."

"Certainly not. It isn't my way. I told Frank Howard it was rank treason if you had gone out of our set to get yourself engaged."

"Nothing but despair of winning where I wished to win could have driven me to such a step," declared Gale, with a pathetic glance.

"And this is the sort of flirtation which could induce him to break his word to me," thought Lu Walters, standing so near that she could have put out her hand and touched them from the screen of a rose-twined pillar. "Yes, I will wait with you once, Clement, she answered her partner, and Mr. Harold Gale abruptly broke off the murmured conversation with Miss Dubar which, like anything else insipid and sweet, began to pall, as the floating vision in shining white went past him clasped in a pair of masculine arms, with a handsome golden mustache almost brushing her dark-tressed hair. He gazed, half-doubting his own sight, then started up.

"Pardon me, I must go and speak to a friend," he muttered, and stalked away, leaving Miss Dubar piqued and resentful.

"Lu," he interposed, as she was leaving the floor, "you little witch, how do you come to be here?"

"By invitation," she answered, indifferently. "Don't stop, Clement. We would only detain this gentleman, and he leaves in a moment as I happen to know."

"I'll wait," the gentleman hastened to say. "Come with me, Lu. Let me take you home."

"Thanks, no. I have an escort for the evening. Are we to give Mrs. Agnew a duet, Clement?"

"Hang Clement, whoever he is," muttered Mr. Gale, between his set teeth. "Lu, if you have any regard for my feelings you will allow me to take you in charge."

But Lu swept serenely past him, unheeding his whispered protests, and Mr. Gale left the scene in a bitter mood, wretchedly jealous for the first time in his life. He waited for Lu at a most unseasonable hour next morning.

"Sorry if I was the means of sending you home early last night," said she, with sweet unconsciousness. "We left at four. The effect of moonlight in the morning is very striking, I find."

"Effect of Clement, more likely," growled Mr. Gale. "Lu, is that fellow to come between us? Of course if you prefer him—"

"Prefer cousin Julia's husband?" said Lu, with wide-open eyes.

"Is he? Oh, then I've made an idiot of myself, but it's all right."

"All right? I am not so sure. Harold, I thought it well to show you that I can move in the same society you frequent if I like, but I regard it as frittering away time and opportunities which can be more profitably used. But if you find more congenial companionship there—Miss Dubar's for instance—and were driven through despair of winning her to me—"

"You heard that nonsense. See here, Lu, I was never ashamed of myself in my life. I accept my lesson, so now make up, there's a darling girl, and I promise you shall never have reason to regret it."

Nor did she, for Mr. Gale found one little touch of jealousy an effectual cure.

## The Pirate Prince;

OR,

Pretty Nelly, the Queen of the Isle.

BY COL. PRENTISS INGRAHAM,  
AUTHOR OF "CAPTAIN OF CAPTAINS," "THE RIVAL LEUTENANTS," "THE GIRL GUIDE," "THE BOY REBEL," "THE SKELTON CORSAIR," "THE BOY CHIEF," "THE DIAMOND DIRK," "THE FLYING YANKEE," "WITHOUT A HEART," ETC., ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER XXXVII.

#### THE FLIGHT.

For some moments Roy Woodbridge and Nellie stood in silence, the twilight shadows deepening around them, and the waters of the basin growing darker and darker.

Then the maiden spoke: "You wish me to go to Havana with you, senior?"

"Yes; you can aid me greatly."

"Then I will go, if my mother and the chief say yes."

"And if they object?"

"I will go anyhow, for Captain Rafael must not die, if any aid of mine can save him."

"Nobly said! Now I will leave you. Go and bring your prisoner at once on board, and I return to the lugger, for we must get off to-night, as there is a fair breeze blowing outside."

"Then it will favor the American. We shall be under way within the hour, and when I have seen him out of the channel I will return to the cabin and soon be on board the lugger."

"Farewell, my brave Nellie, for awhile, and success attend you."

Politely raising his hat, Roy Woodbridge walked away up the bank of the stream and disappeared in the darkness, while Nellie at once mounted the rope-ladder and hastened toward the secret retreat, her heart full of emotion at all that had passed.

Reaching the cabin among the rocks, Nellie found Bancroft Edmunds patiently awaiting her, and the body of Luis Ramirez lying as it had fallen.

"Senior Americano, will you do me the kindness to place that corpse outside? Carry it to a spot near here; I wish the band to know that, in some mysterious way, Luis Ramirez has perished, and that Captain Rafael has been avenged against those who betrayed him."

the stores which the kind Velasquez had given to the maiden.

Through the darkness they went, Nellie leading the way, and in half an hour they arrived at the rock, overhanging the basin.

By means of the ropes the stores were lowered, and then, leading the way, the maiden descended the rope-ladder, down which she was quickly followed by her companion.

"While you put your stores aboard I will get my boat, senior," and Nellie disappeared in the gloom, to appear a few moments later seated in her skiff, her hands upon the oars.

"We have to tow out. You take the helm of your yawl and steer, and I will row."

"No, let me take the oars; the work is too heavy for you."

But Nellie would not yield, and Bancroft casting off the line, the yawl moved out into the stream, towed by the light skiff.

Through the channel, not more than forty feet wide, the boats passed, the tide in their favor, and soon they came into another basin.

"Senior, there is where I made you prisoner. We return to the open sea by the same channel that brought you in," and Nellie headed across the basin to the opening through the walls of rock.

In a short while more out of the gloom of the channel-way the boats swept, past the pool into which the young officer had fallen, and thence to the open water, for the sea lay before them.

"Now, senior, I must leave you—the breeze will be good, once you get from under the land's lee," and Nellie arose to cast off the yawl's painter.

"Seniorita, I owe you my life, and should I ever have it in my power to return the favors you have done me, believe me I will gladly do so."

"I am sorry you have to run back against the tide, and I sincerely hope you will get into no trouble on my account."

Bancroft Edmunds spoke earnestly and held out his hand, as the two vessels drifted side by side.

The maiden grasped the hand, and said, sadly: "I did but my duty, senior. May you have a safe voyage, and may your life be a happy one. Farewell."

The American quickly bent, imprinted a kiss upon the little hand he held, and the boats drifted apart.

In the twinkling of an eye the huge sail of the yawl was raised, the sheet thrown to the wind, the compass drawn from the locker and placed by the side of a lantern, already lighted, and the adventurous young sailor started upon his perilous flight, alone upon the broad bosom of the waters.

Watching his departure, until the breeze caught his sail, and caused his boat to career well over and dash swiftly along, Pretty Nellie then lowered her skiff and headed back into the channel.

Though pulling against the tide it was not yet running strong, and she sent her light skiff swiftly back the way she had come and was soon at the spot from which she had started.

"You were ashamed of myself in my life. I accept my lesson, so now make up, there's a darling girl, and I promise you shall never have reason to regret it."

Nor did she, for Mr. Gale found one little touch of jealousy an effectual cure.

Unseen and unsung.

BY JOHN H. WHITSON.

There is many a beautiful thought  
That lies, like a deep-sea pearl,  
Embedded in the casement that God wrought,  
With the ocean's rush and swirl.

There is many a motive grand,  
That lies but a lifeless seed,  
Awaiting the touch of a master-hand  
To wake it to living deed.

There is many a lovely bower,  
Far, far from all human sight;  
There is many, ay, many a flower,  
Whose petals ne'er open to the light.

There is many a silent bard  
Whose harp, with its chords unstrung,  
Hangs cold and mute; all its sweet tones marred;  
There is many a song unsung.

Running alongside of a small pier, he sprung out; made his boat's painter fast to an iron ring, and, as Senor Edmundo, the most popular place of resort in the city during the spring of '76.

This place was presided over by a young lady on the sunny side of thirty, who was called the Silver Queen, from wearing a number of fancy silver trinkets on her person, and by some strange association of ideas, the room or hall itself was called the Silver Hall.

It was a gambling-room in the strictest sense of the word. There were conveniences for playing all the varieties of games to which the Western mind inclines. Of course, a barroom was attached, where all kinds of liquors were dispensed by a bejeweled Californian, whom the "Queen" had employed.

The most desperate men in the hills could be found there every night; but there probably was not one of them possessed of a cooler nerve, or more skill with that charming toy of the plains, the revolver, than the proprietress herself. She was a death-shot, as the fate of several poor victims testified.

She combined propriety, dealer and committee on order all in herself. When a man made himself obnoxious to her, she told him to make arrangements for his funeral expenses. This was her grim and standing joke, but her victims seldom lived long enough to see the point. In short, she was as smooth, outwardly, as oil; but a very demon when aroused—although she never betrayed any excitement.

I was in this gilded hall of iniquity the last night of its existence. I shall never forget it. It was the evening of the 9th of May. An old hunter, trapper and guide, well known on the plains as Six-toed Pete, from a personal deformity, was at the Occidental.

After supper, he being an old acquaintance, I proposed to "take in" the Silver Hall. He had just returned from a long trip to New Mexico, and being anxious to see his old friends, we lit cigars and started, little dreaming of the tragedy we were to behold before morning.

A short walk brought us to our destination, and we found the hall unusually full. The sweet strains of a string-band made the pulses throb; and the clinking of glasses and coin, and the rude oath of the ruffian added to the tumult.

Life flowed on, as if trouble and death did not exist. The Silver Queen was ruling and controlling this mad mob as completely as a ship captain does his crew. Her slightest nod or look was respected; and her very wishes seemed to be anticipated by her admirers and backers. She was a very queen, indeed, and these were her subjects.

A number of guides, trappers and desperate characters were present; some of them who enjoyed a national reputation. Texas Jack was playing poker with California Joe; Missouri Mike was absorbed in a game with the Man-from-Arkansas; and Wild Bill, or William Hickok, was engaged at the faro-table, rapidly losing the money he had as rapidly won at poker. Some were excited and some were not; but the Silver Queen sat through it all, like an iceberg within its native zone, or, rather, like the grand, mysterious Sphinx in the burning sands of Africa.

I took a seat at a table, and began a small game with my friend for cigars; and it did not take me long to be forced into paying for cigars enough to last us a week.

We had just finished our game, and were quietly engaged in smoking some of the fruits of my unskillful playing, when a tall, rather fine-looking man walked into the room. He ordered a drink, and then, then, taking a cigar, began looking about him.

Wild Bill at this moment caught his eye, and recognized him, addressing him as Luke.

The two shook hands.

"It has been a long time since I saw you, Bill," said the stranger.

"Yes; the last time we met was in Santa Fe. I believe it was, and at Don Miguel's ball. That was two years ago."

At this moment the queen glanced at the stranger for the first time. She turned deadly pale; and I noticed that the stranger eyed her rather curiously. The two had evidently met before, but neither spoke to the other. They were not friends.

A minute passed; and the queen raked in another "pot" of Wild Bill's gold.

"This game is over, gentlemen," said she, slowly rising and drawing a revolver from under the table as she did so.

Quick as a flash, she leveled the weapon at the breast of the stranger and shot him dead.

It was done so quickly that we could scarcely realize what had occurred; and when we looked for the Queen, she was gone.

"It was a foul, cold-blooded murder, gentlemen," said Wild Bill; "and she must be found and subjected to a fair, square trial. I was a witness to the whole affair, and it was nothing short of murder."

The criminal was a woman, and the Black Hillers felt a delicacy about laying violent hands on a woman; but the affair was such a gross violation of law and order that something must be done for the sake of appearances.

Moreover, the Deadwoodites had not been treated to a fair, square trial, since Irish Jimmy was lynched, the month before; and now was the golden opportunity, and it must not be lost.

A committee was appointed, with Wild Bill at the head, to arrest her and bring her to justice.

Everybody knew that to try her would be a mere matter of form, and that her acquittal was as sure as the revolution of the earth; but the great public demanded her arrest; and so the committee went out to obey the commands of the dictator.

But she was nowhere to be found. The house was searched, and all the neighboring dens were subjected to the closest scrutiny; but to no purpose.

"Nary Queen," said an old plainsman, "will you find to-night. She's an old bird."

"Here's your mule," screamed a shrill voice; and to our utter astonishment we saw in the bright moonlight, standing out in bold relief on the roof of a tall building across the street, the very person we wanted.

Here is the Silver Queen; come and take her; but I have a little speech to make, and you must listen to that first.

"The man I have just killed is Thomas Crawford, of Kansas City, and was seven years ago; and I am his wife. I had ten thousand dollars when I married the villain, and after spending that, he left me and my two children to die of starvation.

"My children died shortly after he deserted me, and I determined to have revenge. I followed him to California, then to New Mexico; and finally I came here and waited for him, for I knew he would come to Deadwood some time, as every other scoundrel in the West does.

"I have made money; but it is planted, and no man will ever unearth it. The man I sought came at last. Tonight is the first time I have met him for seven years. I have killed him. I have fulfilled my destiny; and now I am done with earth and its troubles."

Quick as a flash, when she had said this, she placed the revolver to her head and pulled the trigger, and instantly fell to the walk below, a lifeless corpse.

We had stood spellbound during all this strange scene; but we suddenly realized what had happened, and instantly the wildest excitement prevailed. But she was dead. An inquest was held. The jury could return but one verdict, and the next day we laid away in the Deadwood cemetery the remains of the Silver Queen.

In the lobby of an Irish inn the following inscription is painted on the wall in conspicuous letters: "No person will get credit for whisky in this house but those who pay money down."

(To be continued—commenced in No. 429.)





Published every Monday morning at nine o'clock.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 7, 1878.

The SATURDAY JOURNAL is sold by all Newsdealers in the United States and in the Canadian Dominion. Parties unable to obtain it from a newsdealer, or those preferring to have the paper sent direct by mail from the publication office, are supplied at the following rates:

**Terms to Subscribers, Postage Prepaid:**  
One copy, four months, \$1.00  
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Most Delightful Story of the Year.

Sunshine Papers.

The Match-making Season.

If there is any season of the year when matrimony is not an important and uppermost theme in the average female mind discovery of it is yet to be made. We have never heard of weather so hot or so cold, so damp or so dry, that it could interfere, in the least, with wedding prospects and wedding journeys. And yet, perhaps, there is a time, in the recurring of the seasons, when love-making and match-making are more diligently attended to than at others; if so, it is during the summer months. Then is the time when the young yachtsman is in his glory, and the young women, who are charmed to accept his favors, find particularly good opportunities for claiming assurance and protection, close by his manly side, as the pretty skiff terrifies the dear creature by an unusually energetic dip among the sunlit, foam-tipped waves, or gliding close to some ghostly shadow of rock, or grassy-reef, under the soft silver shine of summer stars and crescent. And even the brisk young shipmen, and workers of all manner of manufactures and trades, can find opportunities, for whispering soft something to blushing damsels, in the cosiest retreats of excursion boats or lingering upon leaf-arched settees in the public parks.

Summer is the time for all manner of outdoor sports and parties. There are croquet clubs and archery-clubs, rowing matches and equestrian parties, regattas and rides, and races, and festivals, and flower shows, and walks, and every conceivable kind of picnic and excursion—from the exclusive five-dollar-a-ticket ones to those of ten-cent admission fees in the larger bays and gardens, where Gretchen goes with her night-key to wait half the night away with Fritz, who "tends" at the corner grocery. In summer there is so much out-of-door life, and such constant meeting of the two sexes under circumstances that lead them to make pleasure the order of the day, that it can but happen that young women and their mammas—and the latter personage is an important factor in the settling of young people's future destinies—look forward to that particular time of the year as one peculiarly adapted to the arrangement of matrimonial campaigns.

In summer all humanity takes a vacation and every young man and young woman, and mamma with marriageable daughters who can by any manner or means afford it, by any scrimping in the household economy, by any shams or deceptions for the benefit of the world, will take a vacation and go abroad somewhere summing.

And then it is that mammas keep a good

watch over the young men who hover about their daughters, and young men make careful inquiries concerning the young ladies who dress stylishly and are lavish with their smiles; for with both parties eligibility is to be considered, and eligibility, in nine cases out of ten, both to the young man and the young woman's mother, means money.

And how about the young ladies themselves? Oh! we do not pretend to think them perfect. Of course there is more or less truth in what is being so constantly said and written concerning the calculating character of the girls of this day, in regard to their settlement in life; but we are inclined to think that it is rather less than more. While, no doubt, many a girl, not in love, can, and perhaps, does, shrewdly and coolly philosophize concerning the kind of establishment and the amount of money the man must have who aspires to her hand, yet we believe that with the majority of them, young woman-nature remains much as it was in days of yore; and when a girl loves—even the American girl of to-day—she forgets her pursuit of wealth, and finds the best riches in the true heart and earnest devotion of the man who has found the magic key to the sealed treasure of her sweet passions.

But the mothers, the worldly, worldly mothers, how through these summer months they are striving to teach their daughters to scorn all the sweet theories of marriage for esteem and love alone, and to smile upon any man who carries with him a blazing diamond and a fine establishment. And it is but a fit recompense for those mothers who teach their girls to make "good matches" rather than *love matches*, and for the daughters who allow themselves to be wedded to a man for the mere sake of securing a handsome home, that very often, after the most desperate maneuvering to accomplish these results, the wife finds herself but a despised and contemptuously-treated slave to her master's caprices.

We know not how many vows of love have been made this season under moonlighted skies, or formally and pompously ratified in hotel parlors or *per se's* counting-room; but of them all, we can safely affirm that those which will result most happily where the "I love you, Adalia," did not mean, "I love your father's bank account, Adalia." I have been lounging about this watering-place several seasons now, in the hope of finding a young woman whose father had sufficient fortune to enable his daughter to pay her husband's cigar and tailoring bills; and the "Yes, I am sure I love you, Henry," signified simply, "I am sure I must marry you, Henry, because mamma wishes it; but if I had my way, I would rather become the wife of young May, on his twelve hundred a year, than be yours with all your money."

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

## AN ANSWER.

Once in a while somebody asks my advice. Strange as it may appear to you such is actually the fact; but remember, it is only once in a while. This once in a while happened quite recently, and the question asked me was such a strange and incomprehensible one that I was, for a moment, taken quite aback, and thought, for the time being, my questioner was jesting, but when I looked into his sober, serious face I saw he was in earnest. I told him just what I thought (it is a way I have) and as I thought many others might like to ask the same question I considered it to be my bounden duty to let the world have the benefit (if) of my advice.

Here was the question: "Do you think it is best for a young man to go to work early in life, or pass his time in observation for a few years and see what is going on?"

Here cometh the answer. In the first place, by "observation," you really mean idleness. I don't believe in idleness at any time, for if the hands are at rest the brain should be working. I don't mean to say that we should never rest, because rest is not idleness, it is a necessity. What good does idleness or inactivity do any one at any time of life? If we were intended to do no work I believe Adam would have had a retinue of servants born at the same time he was, to wait upon him. Youth and early manhood are the times to work, because they are seasons of freshness, life and vigor.

It is this idleness—this "taking a few years to look around and see what is going on"—that has been the evil genius of so many promising young men; wrecked lives that were given for usefulness; brought ruin and desolation to many a heart; plunged into misery many a loved and loving heart, and brought disgrace on all around. If a young man has money and is not obliged to work I think it is his duty to learn some useful trade or profession, for there may come a time when necessity will compel him to resort to it.

When a young man with plenty of money is brought home to his parents in a state of intoxication, don't you suppose the wish that goes up from his mother's heart is that he should go, head to work for a living and so keep his mind busy, his hands employed and his thoughts off riot and dissipation?

God gave us the hours. Have we any right to waste them? He gave us work to do. Is it for us to refuse to do it? Is there one passage in the Bible that advises us to be idle? If the sower had not gone to sleep the enemy would not have sowed tares in the field. I believe that people become "tramps" not so much because they cannot find work to do as because they will not do the work that is offered them—not from any inability to work, but from sheer dislike of it brought on by early idleness.

Only consider how much benefit a few years of hard, persistent study will do one—how it will store the mind with treasures that are above price! It is this study that makes men truly great.

Prospective fortune must not deter one from constant, faithful labor. I clip the following: "Some rich men allow their sons to sport around and 'have a good time,' but Vanderbilt never did. His boys must attend to business, first, and see about the 'good time' afterward. Each has to be at his post just as regularly as any engineer or conductor, and stick to it until his work is done; so, you perceive, that with that shrewd observer and hard worker independence does not mean idleness."

When a boy or girl has done some piece of work did you ever notice how proud he or she was—a pardonable pride—in showing us the fruit of labor and saying—"I earned that?"

I wish we all earned what we receive and we should value our possessions far more. "Micah" is an amusing character; it makes us laugh; but we despise him thoroughly, as a man, because he was "waiting for something to turn up." We have too many "Micahs" all around us, idle and shiftless beings who will not work, and who think, because they are unsuccessful, that "luck is against them."

When there are so many things to accomplish there is no need nor necessity of being

idle, and so I say—go to work early in life and you will feel that you are performing the mission the Creator has given you to accomplish; and, while you are working, don't forget to say a kind word for others seeking employment. Bear in mind the maxim: "As we must render an account of every idle word, so must we likewise of our idle silence." That maxim always reads to me as though it meant that we shall be held accountable for all the kind words we might have said but were too chary—either through laziness or miserliness—in using them.

It is a fearful thought—that so many ill deeds are transpiring and so many good ones left undone, when if the latter were used they might prevent the former. EYE LAWSLESS.

## Foolscap Papers.

## That Great Yacht Race.

I EXPECT I might as well give an unbiased report of the great yacht race which recently astonished the civilized world and took it by the ears and shook it until its legs didn't touch the ground.

It was an international match. An Englishman, with the audacity for almost anything, challenged any American yacht for the largest purse ever competed for in these waters—the purse was two feet wide and five feet deep, and would hold fifty thousand dollars in silver.

I had suggested the largest cup that had ever been in the list—a tin one, four feet high, but withdrew when I heard that people would think I would be at my old trade—after the tin.

After accepting the proposition I bought the oyster yacht Sally Ann, and thoroughly overhauled her. I had her keel scraped, and hull thoroughly whitewashed, until she looked like a thing of life, or a thing of two lives. She was the fastest thing after an oyster that was ever seen.

The Englishman, J. Bull, Jr., came over in the Seven Up to procure the proceeds and take back home the renown.

The proposition was this—the yacht who ran the greatest number of hours in the least number of miles—or that ran least number of miles in the greatest number of hours—or, I might be allowed to say, the yacht that could tie the most knots in the shortest possible space was to have the purse and divide it with its owner.

We unhooked from Sandy Hook at ten o'clock sharp, and started out under a wind which somebody was blowing from the shore so fast that the knotty question was—how many knots are we going?

We kept at first neck to neck, and it looked as if the English yacht wanted to be on too familiar terms and walk along with my yacht without any invitation, thus breaking the rules of polite behavior.

She began to trespass on our space, and I had to yell to her managers to keep back and avoid the consequences—the consequences were, as I forgot, the purse, but I was so mad that I forgot all except the consequences.

She began to crawl ahead, and as a consequence we fell behind; the fall hurt us considerably.

I got excited and yelled: "Put more rosin and turpentine on the fire," but they announced that it was a sailing and not a steam yacht. I begged apologies, but considered how a fellow had a right to get excited when the honor of the whole United States is at stake, and I instinctively shouted: "Whip up those mules!"

At 11 o'clock we were both well ahead, the Britisher standing on my lee quarter like a fellow on my corns, and I immediately ordered all umbrellas hoisted, when we spurted ahead gradually, and the Englishman discharged a broadside of thirty-pounder explosives into us, which considerably increased the wind, but, bad luck to it, he spread a few extra sheets with table-cloth, all with holes in, and was soon making up lost ground—or sea, rather. Oh, how I prayed for a storm! I would have been thankful for a squall and would not have spanked the baby either.

At this critical juncture the taffrail swung round and struck the mate on the glass of something which he was mixing for himself, knocking it out of his hand. It was a bad disaster, and seriously disabled him, and when I ordered the crew to stop crowding, and lighten ship, they threw overboard the wrong keg, and of course we had no time to stop ship to pick it up. Then I was sure we would be beaten.

What would be the use of 1776 if a Britisher should beat us in this great international yacht race? I saw plainly that the war of the Revolution would have to be fought over again if that should happen, and ordered that all the morning journals should be unfurled; I had taken them along to get the benefit, in a pinch, of the wind that was in the editorials.

This sent us along at the rate of twenty knots to the stick, when a sea struck us which washed over the cook; he had not been washed off for a month; this lightened the craft some pounds and we began to hold our own.

I had the presidential chair of the United States in view if I won this race and exerted myself accordingly. I even ordered all the crew forward to push at the windlass to make her go faster, and vowed that I would throw overboard any one who had any drawbacks of any kind even on his suspenders.

We were going so fast that we left a wake behind which was very weakening. We woke up everything. How glad would I have been if the British yacht had run on a stump, but of course there were no stumps. I knew the eyes of England and America were on us although nobody could see us.

At twelve o'clock we were both a little behind.

All at once they began to go ahead, and I saw that they had set all the crew to blowing in the sails with bellows. That was not a fair international thing, so I ordered my crew to open their mouths and catch all the wind which otherwise would be wasted, and to spread their ears to the fullest extent. By this means we held our own and some of the Britishers, who were soon going so fast that we caught up with the horizon before it could get out of the way.

My yacht went like it was going on legs or wheels, or was greased, and the British captain swore in the purest English when I offered to throw him a rope, for he was falling behind and hurting himself in the fall, and I ordered the crew not to feel so big, as it might materially weight the yacht and impede her speed, which was so soon that we could not tie knots fast enough to tell how fast we were going.

As the independence of the United States was at stake, I felt somewhat elated, and the Britisher began to feel belated correspondingly.

I shouted to him to get a pole and push along; he was a length short of me, but his face made up for the lack, for it was as long as your arm. He soon began to see that instead

of a race it was nothing more than a chase, and turned about with the evident intention of seeing whether he could not be the first one home, but we beat him in that little game, coming in on a shorter route.

I naturally feel proud to think that the United States are not under British rule on account of this event. Britannia may rule the seas, but not this season, nor these waters. I got the purse, and all I want is something to put in it. All subscriptions will be duly acknowledged.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN, Winnist.

## Topics of the Time.

Washington Territory is represented by her newspapers as anxious to become a State, but her population still falls short of 124,000, the number on which representation in Congress is based.

Commissioner Seth Green has lately been examining the perch and sunfish that have died in great numbers in Lake George. He finds that the disease is a fungous growth on the gills, resembling pulmonary consumption, and warns the people against eating the fish. The gills of a perfectly healthy and edible fish are always a crimson red in color. Eat no other.

There were in this country, in 1877, 166,000 liquor dealers licensed by the United States government. The amount of money annually expended for liquor in the United States by consumers is \$600,000,000, and yet what a howl there is from every town in the land about taxes, hard times, poor pay for labor, want of work, etc., etc. A decree that would utterly cut off the living cure of liquor making would indeed make us a prosperous people.

In the mode of indulging in the use of tobacco, there is the greatest diversity, and nowhere is this more strikingly manifested than in the habits of the higher class begin to stir; till that time they are occupied in eating, sleeping and smoking tobacco, which is nowhere more general than on the island of Luzon; for children, before they can walk, begin to smoke cigars. The women carry their fondness for it to a greater height than the men; for, not content with the usual small cigars, they have others made for them, which are a foot long and proportionally thick. These are here called the "long" cigars, and it is a most ludicrous sight to see elegant ladies taking their evening walk with these burning brands in their mouths.

Queen Victoria's last unmarried boy, the Duke of Connaught, is having most of the presents for his bride, the Princess of Prussia, prepared in Paris. Among them is an opera-glass, a crown of diamonds, a silver-mounted watch, the crown of the prince of the crown stands out in diamonds and precious stones, and the whole article is covered with gems, the richness of which does not exclude their application with good taste. Well, what of it? As he don't have to pay for it, why shouldn't he order what he pleases? The poor queen, his mother, with an income of over two million dollars per year, couldn't help the lad a bit, so the "look" foraged on the House of Commons the other day. In a word, he wants the depth of Blackburne, the far-seeing acuteness of Zukertort, and the scientific knowledge of Winawer. It will be noticed, however, that the two chief prize-winners had to lower their colors to him, while Zukertort, Winawer and Blackburne won the first three prizes in the order named.

We have so suffered this year from what has been termed "heat waves" that the curious are quite justified in asking—What is a heat wave? Nothing but a vast volume of heated air moving from the west to the east, by virtue of the earth's motion on its axis. What produces the heat? The sun, of course. Why not every season, then? Why this season hotter than any other? Because the sun is a variable star, like some of the other stars, as proven by several facts, but especially by the periodic "spots" which come and go with a period of about eleven years on his surface. The sun, as the author of all the light and heat of our solar system, is, it is pretty evident, not to be depended upon for stability; and of any day he may have an outburst of spots that will burn us all up; or, on the contrary, he may so withhold his heat as to freeze us all as stiff as the north pole.

A cure for sea-sickness would indeed be a great boon, for the *maladie du mer* is a veritable terror to a large class of people. A gentleman, seeing the query of Mrs. W. B. W. in a late issue of the JOURNAL, asking for a cure for sea-sickness, writes us:

"When about to cross the Atlantic I was recommended to keep a small piece of ice in a little water, and just at the bottom of my back, as a remedy for sea-sickness, to which I was much subject. I did so, and found it a perfect cure, and after the voyage I found that the ice had melted, and the water and India-rubber bag and lent them to other passengers, who also experienced the same relief that I had done. The ice must be kept tightly pressed against the back, so that its coldness may be fully felt, and as the ice becomes water the water must be emptied out of the bag and fresh ice put in."

For which information we are sure thousands of travelers by sea and lake will give grateful thanks.

It is well for us to remember that the Chinese, despite their acknowledged advancement in the commercial forms of civilization are terribly degraded morally and superstitious beyond any people outside of Central Africa. Their public meetings would excite the derision of the Digger Indian. Their religion is the grossest idolatry. They believe in and practice infanticide unrestrained by law, and that they are cannibals we have the data of the recent famine to prove. In a letter received in Shanghai, from the Roman Catholic bishop of Shanghai, Monsignor Monagatz—who is a resident of Tai Yuen, the capital of a province in which famine has been raging with the most fearful severity—he says: "Until lately the starving people were content to feed on the dead; but now they are slaughtering the living for food. The husband eats his wife; parents eat their children; and in their turn sons and daughters eat their dead parents. This goes on almost every day."

The first Chief Magistrate of our Republic, George Washington, died when he was but 68. Five other Presidents of the United States lived to be 80 or more—John Adams dying in his 93d year; Thomas Jefferson, at 83; James Madison, at 85; John Quincy Adams, when almost 81, and Martin Van Buren at 80. Six more lived until past 70—James Monroe, who died in his 73d year; Andrew Jackson, at 78; John Tyler, at 74; Millard Fillmore, at 74, and James Buchanan, at 77. Stephen Girard died at 81, and John Jacob Astor at 85. Chief Justice Marshall lived to 81, and Chief Justice Taney to 87. Charles O'Connor is 74, George Bancroft and Caleb Cushing are each 78. Simon Cameron is 80. Thurlow Weed is 81. Peter Cooper is active at the age of 87. The death of William Clinton Bryant, a victim of sunstroke, is mourned as premature, even at 81. Richard Henry Dana, the poet, who first introduced to the public the author of "Thanatopsis," more than sixty years ago, survives him at the age of 91. Walt Whitman is only 59. Oliver Wendell Holmes is 71. Whittier and Longfellow are each 71. Emerson is 75.

## Readers and Contributors.

Accepted: "The Grave at Malvern Hill;" "The Last Days of Summer;" "The Rival Lovers;" "The Royal Spy;" "The Dark Lady of Dundee;" "Kitty's Entanglement;" "Thief or Gentleman;" "Wynnet, the Saco;"

Declined: "A Mother's Love;" "Experience;" "Leaf from High Life;" "Scarlet Hand;" "Never Merry for Love;" "That Cousin of Mine;" "Bach-elor's Hall;" "Scraps;" "A Quaker Constable;" "Lending Much but Borrowing More;" "Seeking and Finding;" "Petered Out."

M. D. A. Poem may be good, but ink is so pale that M. S. is illegible. Use only good black ink.

C. C. C. You cannot command pay for such poems as you write. They are decidedly immature.

T. C. Sketch good enough for use, but we have no space for it. Send it to one of the Cincinnati weeklies.

WILLY. Have delivered papers. Tell the lady to see "Declined" list in No. 442. The step your friend so ardently advises would unquestionably be generally beneficial if you can divest your mind of old-time prejudices.

INEX. Poverty is a hard taskmaster, but it must not be pressed upon us to constrain our acceptance of matter. To permit appeals to our sympathy affect our choice of contributions would be to doom the paper to destruction. We are ever pained to have such pleas made for them only make rejection the more disagreeable.

WELCH KN. Buffalo Bill's ranch is at North Platte, Nebraska, where he now is. He is a cattle-raiser, but pursues stage-life a portion of the year. The "organized hunting-parties" are not to be found in any particular town or place in the West. Such parties are made up anywhere, and then go west to Laramie, Cheyenne or other points, secure their guide and outfit and then go into the hunting-ground.

CUBAN. Children born anywhere of a naturalized American citizen are, in the eye of the law, American citizens. If a husband is naturalized the wife need not be, as she is not a voter—Names are such a matter of pure fancy. How would Allen, or Rose, or Grace, or Edith do?—As to going West to practice dentistry the West swarms with "jaw surgeons." If you are a good dentist, you will find some of the large towns in your own State would be preferable, we should think, to going further away.

ZISKA. Have heard of the remedy and presume it is excellent; there ought to be no difficulty in obtaining the constituents. Many a cure for bodily ills lies in such simples. Moth patches, sawdust, dark rings under the eyes may become permanent skin defects if not at once removed. A certain named was a great favorite with Roman ladies, who were celebrated for the beauty of their complexions and the firm and healthy quality of their skin. This texture can be acquired and maintained by proper attention.

LOUISE. Much depends upon circumstances. There certainly is nothing derogatory in your accepting money actually earned in the way of independence is equally becoming and desirable. "Clanking" is now too silly paid to make it a profitable calling. If the talent is good, and the money, and are still doing so, it must be from their evening extra work under their aunt's patronage. If they will permit you to sing, or you can perform the service occasionally for them, it will not be to your disparagement thus to earn your "pin money," and be, to a degree, independent of the never-to-fail home purse.

ADDIE E. T. Many a "first-class singer" in this country never went abroad for instruction. We have in all the large cities excellent teachers of voice, several of whom are of the highest degree of ability, whose voices have become somewhat impaired for stage use pursue the career of teaching and training voices for concert-room and stage. If you do not aspire to the operatic stage, then there is not the slightest need of "European tuition." If your voice is as you represent, it will be a fortune to you if you can find a good teacher. Sallie Reber is an Ohio girl. She has never been abroad, we believe. She is this summer singing with the Louise Cary combination. Address her at Newport, R. I.

MRS. T. L. S. writes: "What are the best kinds of fruit for breakfast, and how should they be served? Most kinds of fruit are good for breakfast use, in fact, use any kind, rather than go without. These fruits, however, which are supposed to be especially adapted for breakfast use are the varieties which tend to stimulate the system, such as apples, blackberries, tomatoes, oranges, pineapples, plums, tart apples, currants, gooseberries, grapes, and cherries. Tomatoes should be peeled, cut up, and served thinly and evenly, and kept upon the ice until ready to serve; indeed, all fruits should be very cold, for which reason it is best to prepare them over night and keep them on the ice until morning. Apples should be wiped clean, cut in half, seeds taken out, and a lump of ice placed in each hollow. Currants are very fine stemmed, sugared, and served with cream or chopped ice. Peaches are generally served whole, as are oranges. The fruit should be served directly upon the family gathering table, as most people prefer to eat it before touching more substantial dishes, in order to obtain a better appetite for the latter."

MINNIE MAYNARD writes: "Many agreeable acquaintances are made during the summer season, at hotels and boarding-houses, often, perhaps, after this fashion: There will be boarding at a small hotel, among the mountains, where a young man and his sister, likewise strangers to the other guests; a young lady, alone—a teacher, perhaps, gaining strength for the opening of the term—also acquainted with any one there. The two ladies make each other's acquaintance; the two gentlemen do; and so, in time, all the four come to know each other and to enjoy each other's society. Now what I want to know is how far it is advisable and proper for the ladies to carry on a correspondence with these gentlemen; especially in regard to the lady who is there without an escort? If you have reason to believe both young men to be true gentlemen you may carry on the acquaintance after your return, herself, find out who the young man or get some relative or personal friend to do so."

SEVERAL YOUNG LADIES. We certainly approve of your desire to form an archery club; and since you leave it to our judgment, we will advise you to do so, as you will probably find it pleasanter, and you will be assisted to greater proficiency in the art. As you compete with young men, it is quite possible for you to be as skillful with the bow as the male members of the club, and you should aim not to be excelled. Fifteen members will be quite enough. For the ladies' costume we would advise short skirted skirts, of leaf-green, with a dress-cut, buttoned over a linen shirt, and a white waist, with white or white or silver braid. Whether coat or Breton basque is worn with the skirt, it should be made loose to admit of the full play of the muscles. Your organization must be governed by the same rules as the men's, as far as possible—something like those adopted by rifle clubs. It would be well to have a public meeting, and to have a match during the season, at which prizes may be won for the best shooting. Medals may also be used, changing hands from month to month, according to the championship at each monthly trial. If the club adopt a badge it should be a ring, crescent, or arrow, wrought in silver. You will find archery a most fascinating exercise, and there is scarcely a game in which a lady can display so much grace."

JENNIE AND SOPHIE write: "We are two country girls, and as there is no stylish dressmaker in the place we send for patterns and make our own costumes; and we so often see helpful notes in your answers to correspondents that we thought we would come to you for a little information. How should sleeves be made to a dressy silk suit, and how to a mourning suit? How trimmed? How a watering-place, quite fashionable, would it do to wear for morning a black silk skirt with white accents, or ought we to make great dresses? One more question, and please do not think us troublesome. If the white sacques will do, how should they be made to be dressy, and of what material? Men's, except for a traveling-dress, are made very tight and very short. For a dressy silk suit they should be cut off just a little below the elbow and made to come just halfway between the elbow and wrist by a fall of side pleating, lace, or other loose style of trimming. A mourning suit may have its sleeves finished after the same style. Lavens, or gaudies, and all manner of thin dress goods, and for morning wear, are finished with elbow sleeves trimmed with ruffles, tucked or edged with lace. The black silk skirt with the white sacques will do nicely. The sacques are made with French back and one dart, or none, according to taste, in front. They should be quite long, with tight, short dressy sleeves; and the favorite material is sprigged muslin. These are trimmed with Russian or Torchon lace, and lined with pale pink, blue, or green, fustian, and ornamented with bows of black velvet or colored ribbons. Others are made of figured nanooks or lawns, and trimmed with Hamburg edgings and insertions, or with tucks, puffings and ruffles."

Unanswered questions on hand will appear next week.



THE CROQUET QUEEN.

A WARNING TO CROQUETTERS AGAINST COQUETTES.

You may talk about skating, and sleighing and dancing.  
Proclaim the delights of the rod and the gun;  
Of the ride through the park upon steeled gayly  
prancing.  
The row on the lake until daylight is done;  
Praise the sports of the land, and the water each  
one.  
The bath by the beach, or the yacht on the sea—  
But of all the sweet pleasures known under the sun,  
A "good" game of Croquet's the sweetest to me.  
To make it a good one there needs a good ground.  
The grass close-cropped and the turf finely rolled.  
The mallets well balanced; the balls thorough  
round;  
And the bridges set square, with true distances  
told;  
The players close matched—about four to a side—  
Four sweet girls for partners, or not less than  
three.  
All playing in earnest—no trifling aside—  
In the croquet arena no flirting should be.  
For nowhere is flirting with such peril fraught—  
Not even in dancing is danger like this.  
Ah! well I remember myself getting caught  
At a croquetting match, by a coquetteing miss!  
They called her the "Croquet Queen," *je ne saisis  
guai!*  
There were in the arena good players as she,  
But something about her—a look that gave law—  
Ere the game was half ended she "queened" it  
o'er me.  
Her figure was faultless—nor tall, nor petite—  
Her skirt barely touched the top lace of her boot;  
I've seen in my time some remarkable feet,  
But never one equalling that little foot.  
Its tournure was perfect, from ankle to toe—  
Praxiteles had her a name for art.  
No arrow so sharp ever shot Cupid's bow.  
When poised on the ball it seemed pressing your  
heart!  
It crushed more than one, as I sadly remember—  
A dozen at least in the sweet month of May—  
And long ere the season had reached to September,  
It numbered of victims a dozen a day.  
As one on the list you won't wonder, I ween,  
That I warn you 'gainst flirting while playing this  
game!  
You may meet, as did I, some fair croquetting queen,  
Who will croquet your heart, till it feels all adieu!

Typical Women.

MARIE LOUISE,  
The Unworthy Successor of Josephine.

BY DR. LOUIS LEGRAND.

HAD not "motives of state" induced Napoleon to repudiate Josephine it is quite probable Marie Louise of Austria never would have occupied a prominent position among noted women—certainly never would have been reckoned worthy of place among typical women, if by that term we mean women of representative or significant traits of character. She came not from obscurity, for she was an emperor's daughter, the offspring of a great house; but her almost unblemished character left her a name to make, and the name she made became great only from association with those who were great.

And yet, she assumes a prominent place in history as the successor of Josephine, Empress of France; as the wife of Napoleon and the mother of Napoleon's only legitimate child.

Marie Louise, archduchess of Austria, was the eldest daughter of Francis I., Emperor of Austria, and therefore grand-niece of the beautiful and unfortunate Marie Antoinette, whose sacrifice by the *sans culottes* of the guillotine made a Napoleon possible. So do history events mock justice, shock consistency and impale honor. Marie Antoinette was butchered to rid France of monarchy; Marie Louise was made empress to give France an emperor.

She was born 1791, in Vienna; was there educated, and at eighteen was pronounced one of the most cultivated and beautiful of all the princesses of Europe. But the disturbed condition of affairs, and the rapidly changing fortunes of kings and royal succession made her alliance wholly a question of Fate. Little her father thought that Fate would make his mighty enemy, Napoleon, the husband of his beloved child!

Napoleon, in the tremendous campaign of 1809, approached and besieged Vienna. Europe literally was at his feet. Germany was conquered, humiliated, devastated; the very name of Frenchman was detested—dreaded as the synonym of sacrilege, rapine and desolation. After Germany fell Austria; and Francis I., driven into his own capital, was forced to such terms as the master dictated.

During the siege Marie Louise was confined in the royal palace, sick with the small-pox, unable to be removed. Hearing this Napoleon ordered the palace to be spared, not dreaming that he was extending clemency to his soon-to-be wife.

Even then his separation from Josephine had been resolved upon, for, as stated in our paper on the repudiated empress, on his sudden return to Paris, from the dreadful battlefield of Wagram, in October (1809) he had the passage in the palace at Fontainebleau, leading from his private apartments to the rooms of Josephine, bricked up, and thenceforward the "separation" was final, although not formally and publicly consummated until Dec. 16th. That act left him legally free to wed again; so he cast his eyes over Europe among the greatest reigning lines and chose the sister of the Czar Alexander. The czar was only too ready to place his adversary by such an alliance, but his mother resisted so stoutly that no immediate answer was given; whereupon the suitor immediately turned to the young and accomplished princess of Austria. Francis I. of course could do otherwise than say yes. Marie Louise had no voice whatever in the matter; she was merely an *object*, to be used as the fortunes of the house demanded—or, as she herself aptly expressed it, "a victim sacrificed to the Minotaur." Napoleon wooed as he fought—with disagreeable rapidity; for the marriage took place in Vienna, March 10, 1810—the Archduke Charles standing as proxy—Napoleon had no time to attend in person upon a ceremony where a substitute could answer as well.

The very next day the wife-by-proxy started for her husband's bed and board. A magnificent retinue of attendants and servants accompanied her to the Bavarian frontier, where she was met by a French guard of honor and attendants. The Germans were then all dismissed—Marie retaining only her excellent and beloved governess. She doffed her German costume and put on a French. Her new maid of honor was Mad. Lannes, and the mistress of her dressing-room was the Countess of Lugay. They soon quarreled with the governess, and she left Marie to Munich, so that the forsaken girl was utterly among strangers. What wonder she was tactful and sad, nor took much interest in her magnificent progress? Considering that she had left a lover behind her, who held her heart in his keeping, and was going to meet a husband she had never seen, merely to become the mother of his children and thus perpetuate the line of Napoleon, it is scarcely surprising that the young German woman shrunk even from the advances of her lord and master—not his advances in *propria persona*, but by letter, for he had no time to fool away on wooing. At Munich she received her first letter from Napoleon, and daily thereafter, a special messenger reached the *cortège* bearing a letter from the emperor to his betrothed.

This, however, did not suffice. As the cavalcade approached Paris only by short stages, rendered necessary by the fetes and vast concourse of people that met their carriage at every village and city, Napoleon, we are told, grew impatient to see the bride; so he mounted and rode away in hot haste to Soissons, near which city he came suddenly upon the *cortège*, in a drenching rain and tapping from the saddle sought, unannounced, the bride's carriage. Into it he bounded unceremoniously, to be introduced to

Marie by Caroline Murat, her traveling companion. Napoleon was wet to the skin; Marie was weary, sad and frightened; so the first meeting was not a harbinger of happiness, and of cordial association to come.

This was followed by an order to drive on with all rapidity to the emperor's elegant quarters at Compiègne, where the bridal pair arrived late that evening. How did the emperor welcome his tired guest? By ordering her to her apartments for rest, and by gentle ministrations to her disturbed spirits? Not at all. He proceeded with her to his private parlor and kept her there all night—talking—an indignity which only confirmed her distress of mind, if it did not induce actual dislike of the man.

The marriage civil took place in the Tuilleries April 1st with much ostentation, and on April 2d Cardinal Fesch bestowed the benediction in an imposing public ceremony—the bride's train being borne by three queens—Hortense of Holland; Julie of Spain; and Catharine of Westphalia.

There followed for the young wife imprisonment in her own sumptuous apartments. She had to endure the incessant presence of one or more of his six noble ladies of honor—women of inherited titles or of eminent connection. Her rooms were only accessible, even to the emperor, through an ante-chamber wherein slept one of these ladies, so that it was wholly impossible for any one to approach the empress unless under surveillance. Even the wife's letters were written for her by one of these ladies. It would seem as if Napoleon was inordinately distrustful of her fidelity and took these precautions to make her "above suspicion." Not an unusual course for men to pursue who themselves are to be distrusted. Napoleon as father was then providing for his children, the young Count Walewski and the infant Count Leon; and as the entire Court was honeycombed with marital corruption it is not singular that he should have taken extraordinary measures to prevent any scandal or suspicion regarding his wife of state.

She, however, seemed submissive to it all,

capital and demand the Regency for herself and the succession for her son, and thus keep the unpopular Bourbons from the throne! Not she! On the contrary she espoused the cause of the allies, and when Napoleon, on the 11th of April, at Fontainebleau, formally renounced all claims to the thrones of France and Italy, for himself, his wife and his son, it was with her full assent; and having had conferred upon her the three little duchies of Parma, Piacenza and Guastalla, she went—whither? With her exiled husband to Elba? Not she! She went to Vienna, and never saw Napoleon again, nor seemed to take any personal interest in his fortunes; save, indeed, to openly declare, on his return from Elba, the next year, her wish that he might be overcome.

If here could end the record of Marie Louise it would have spared the name and memory of an empress from shame; but, as she did not pass to the privacy of her father's home to remain there in seclusion; nor, after Napoleon's transportation to St. Helena and his death, remain in honorable widowhood, the biographer is forced to state that her life was one of disgraceful indifference to moral rectitude. She removed almost at once to the Italian duchies, leaving her son in Vienna, a virtual state prisoner, and orphaned, for she apparently had deserted him designedly; left the child of Napoleon to perish miserably while she lived in open and undisguised intimacy with Count Neipperg, bearing him three children during Napoleon's lifetime. After the great exile's death, and just before Neipperg was to die, he was secretly married to the ex-empress (1829)—thus to legitimize the three children. The eldest, a daughter, and the second, a son, have their family name yet well preserved in their descendants.

Marie Louise lived and reigned in Parma until 1847—when she died—neither regretted nor thought of, for she had almost passed from public observation.

In France, to-day, Josephine's name is revered—Marie Louise is scorned as "the Dutch Mistake."



The Croquet Queen.

Whom Will She Marry?  
OR,  
BETH FOSS,  
The Parson's Daughter.

BY A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.  
AUTHOR OF "PRETTY PURITAN," ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.  
A WOMAN'S FINESS.

"Hitherto she kept her love concealed.  
And with those graces every day beheld

NOVEMBER had come with its gray days, and its cold skies, and its chill winds that had swept the fallen leaves of Greenwilde's many maples into great, dry, rustling piles along the village streets. The last of the summer residents had departed, except the Thorne family, and they were preparing to close their house; a young newly-married clergyman had been established in the parsonage left vacant by Mr. Foss; Jimmie Pierce had found for herself a home with a niece, a well-to-do farmer's wife, and the latest gossip regarding Bethel Foss had lost its first flavor, indeed was becoming actually stale. And the Greenwilde populace were really thirsting for some new excitement. When, one morning, it was reported about the village that a doctor had been sent for, from the Sewalls, during the night, and that yet left there, it was a little item of news, and the speculation it engendered, was quite a godsend to the community. Soon a fresh store of information was in circulation—Mr. Sewall was dead. And before nightfall every one had heard the rumor which later facts proved correct, that the gentleman who was supposed to be so affluent was completely bankrupt and had left his family utterly penniless.

Mr. Sewall had been a man of prominence and influence in Greenwilde. Wealthy himself, and regarded as a prudent and fortunate financier, his advice upon money matters had always been sought by his humbler neighbors, and freely given; and scores of them had trusted to his care various funds for investment. But at last there came to him an hour of temptation. Upon one golden bubble he staked all his own fortune, and some of the moneys of others; and the result was utter ruin—even worse. The excitement induced by this news resulted in a fatal attack of apoplexy.

While these events were happening in his home, overwhelming his gentle, delicate mother with grief and despair, Harry Sewall was just

completing the business which had called him West and was preparing for a brief return to Greenwilde, previous to his establishment in New York to pursue the study of his chosen profession. To him, despite the disappointment that had stabbed him keenly at his parting with Bethel Foss, life looked wondrous bright. Possessed of fine physique, of perfect health and strength, of a wealthy, idolizing father, of a well-cultivated mind and freedom to pursue the course in life which was most in accordance with his tastes and ambitions, he could not but feel that existence was a grand and enjoyable gift, even though his long-time sweetheart had denied him the crowning glory of her love and life. And even regarding Bethel, he felt more hopeful than on that morning when she had refused to listen to his suit. He could not believe that Rial Andral was actually his rival, that Beth's few weeks of association with him could ever have a serious result. He knew that Mr. Foss would never approve of such a lover for his daughter. He told himself that Bethel had not quite forgiven the little quarrel which had occurred between them the previous day, and, besides, had been unnerved by her mother's death. She had not been at all herself. When he should see her again, in fact, he had no doubt that his hand would be infinitely better than they had been upon the unlucky morning when he had made his first proposal. For Harry had heard no word of the events connected with the parson and his daughter which had convulsed the Greenwilde society with excitement. His father had been his only correspondent from there, and besides being little given to gossip, Mr. Sewall's mind had been too overtaxed with business anxieties, of late, to admit of his sending his son more than the briefest notes.

And when, one dreary November day, Harry Sewall swung himself from the platform of a car at Greenwilde station, having crossed upon the road the telegram notifying him of his father's death and funeral, he was entirely unsuspecting of the cumulative trials that awaited him in the hands of creditors; his home mother and two little sisters dependent upon him, his own loved career closed upon him; and Bethel—while only free, had entered the gay world, and he, to greater wealth than he had ever dreamed of acquiring.

It was scarcely strange that when one fair, bright face smiled upon him still, and a little gloved hand nestled into his the day of the funeral, and a soft voice whispered:

"We go away, day after to-morrow, Harry; you must come and say good-by to me before then," that he promised to do so, and gladly sought brief relief from his troubles, the next evening, by spending an hour with Miss Thorne, who spared no efforts to impress him with the beauty of her blue eyes and blonde curls, while she talked with him of what he had already heard concerning his former sweetheart.

"And now," said Flavia, after the manner of young women in general, false to her friend because of the gentleman in the case, "I suppose Bethel will put on all the airs of a millionaire's daughter, and forget the very people among whom she has been brought up. I am not sure that even mamma and I will dare to call upon her august majesty."

"You must be joking, Miss Flavia," replied Harry, gravely. "You know that Bethel is not that style of young lady."

"You think not?" cried the yellow-haired Flavia, watching her companion with a little malicious sparkle in her eye. "Why, it is nearly always the way with people who are not born to position; and see how quickly she deserted her old friends for Mr. Andral!"

Harry winced, inwardly, under this thrust. "I think it is scarcely fair," he said, calmly, "to assume that it was Mr. Andral's wealth that won Bethel's liking; nor am I sure that she cared for other than what she would have done for any pleasant, gentlemanly companion thrown upon her society as he was, almost constantly, for some weeks."

"Aren't you, indeed?" laughed Flavia, a little ring of defiance in her voice. "Then you do not think as ever one else did."

"That she ran away to meet him? No, I do not. Has it not been proved otherwise?" Flavia bestowed upon her questioner an arch glance.

"It has been proved that she did not elope with him; but has it been proved that she did not intend to do so, or for what reason she left her home, if not to go with Mr. Andral? But we will not discuss that question. Of course I do not approve of runaway matches. I hope I have been too well brought up ever to disgrace myself and my friends in that way; but as for the rest, why, for my part, as Bethel was so desperately in love with Mr. Andral, I do not see why she should not marry him. In fact, I expect the denouement of the whole affair will be cards for a grand Foss-Andral wedding, before the winter is over."

"Since Bethel was so desperately in love with him," Harry kept repeating to himself. Surely Flavia ought to know the truth; the young ladies had been almost constant associates. But, even if this was a mistake, if Bethel was not desperately in love with Andral, and had not meant, when she ran away, to marry him, how changed was his own position toward her, and hers toward him, since that September noon when he had told her of his longings, to share her sorrows, as her affianced husband. Then, it had seemed to him quite natural that she should quickly and proudly accept so excellent a proposal as his. Now, even if she had no other lover, was she likely from the height of her new life and prosperity to smile upon him, and wait for the time when he again, might be free to offer her his love, which, no doubt, scores of suitors would seek her hand?

And then, suddenly, he asked himself, bitterly, why he should think these thoughts at all. Had not Bethel refused him once, and had he not said that he would forget her? Forget her, indeed! he would, and—well! And he turned more gayly to listen to Flavia's merry conversation, and gave her his promise, with a half-feeling of gratitude that she should so anxiously desire it, to call upon her, often, when they were both established in town.

"You see, through Mrs. Sewall and mamma, I know something of your plans," she said, allowing the plump hand she had given him in farewell to linger a moment, softly, in his, "and I dare to hope that your sacrifice of your profession will not be for long."

"It must be until every cent of my father's indebtedness is paid, and I can support my mother and sisters comfortably, while I pursue my studies," he answered gravely. "So you see that my chances of being admitted to the bar must be very distant, if, indeed, they are not forever blighted from existence."

"And you are going into business with your uncle?"

"Yes"—a trifle bitterly—"into pork-packing! Unromantic enough, is not it? But my uncle has made me a generous offer and I cannot afford to decline it."

Though he spoke bravely, almost defiantly, Harry Sewall's whole soul revolted against the destiny forced upon him. But upon his bitterness a soft voice fell fraught with tender sympathy, and red lips murmured:

"I will not believe that misfortune can hold you in thrall long; but even if it does, remember that all is not lost while one friend remains true to you and one heart is constant."

When Miss Thorne entered her own room, where her trunks stood packed for her departure in the morning, she cried aloud to herself: "What do I care that I have confessed my secret to him? It will be a temptation to him, when he is in New York, and lonely, and struggling with fortune. And if I can win his heart—all things are fair in love and war—why should I not, when I have loved him so long?"

Miss Thorne surmised rightly that the confession of her secret would be a temptation to Harry Sewall. He could not quite define the feeling, half of aversion and half of pity, with which he thought afterward of that scene between himself and Flavia. He told himself that all the more, because of this betrayal of her feelings in his position, he should avoid rather than seek her society. And yet he found himself often longing for sympathy, or even the sight and sound of a familiar face and voice, while alone in the great city, repressing his cherished hopes and struggling by devotion to a business most distasteful to him, to maintain those dependent upon him; and so fell into the habit of calling frequently at the Thornes' pleasant home.

CHAPTER XVII.  
ROSES AND THORNS.

"One fatal remembrance, one sorrow that throws  
Its black shade alike o'er our joys and our woes."

THE last night of the year which had been such an eventful one to Bethel Foss, found her family established in a stately new home, and lingering over a grate fire, amid the luxuries of her boudoir.

It was a charming suite of apartments—bathroom, bedroom and dressing-room—which Madame De Witt had furnished with exquisite taste and lavish expenditure for her daughter. The walls were daintily frescoed, and hung, here and there, with choice pictures. The velvet carpets were finished with wide oriental borders; the satin furniture was one mass of voluptuous upholstery; silken *portieres* hung within the embroidered window-shades, and supplied the places of doors; the bed was half-draped in tent-like draperies; tables, baskets, ornaments, toilet appliances—everything that could contribute to convenience and enjoyment was generously supplied, and the colors that prevailed everywhere, in exquisite harmony, were azure and gold. And the young lady who sat with her pretty little furry-slipped feet crossed upon a hassock before the fender, and her lustrous brown hair falling in a glittering cloud down over her richly-embroidered dressing-gown, was not the least attractive feature amid all this beauty.

Early in the evening her mother had playfully sent Bethel to her rooms, with the command that she was to retire directly, that she might be charmingly fresh and bright for New Year's day; but the striking of the last hour of the dying year found her still sleepless and deep in thought.

She had been recalling that day when Jimmie had come to her at Miss Hallgarten's, and told her of the strange events that had resulted in her father's leaving his native land for a foreign mission field; and that evening when Max Duncan had called, and she had greeted him with eager thanks for all the trouble he had taken for her; and the conversation that had ensued.

"And you must be my counselor, until I can get advice from papa. How soon can an answer come to the letter you sent him, if, as Jimmie says, it was forwarded immediately from Greenwilde?"

"Not under some weeks. In the mean time I think I can tell you just what Mr. Foss would wish you to do."

"Go back to Greenwilde and stay with Jimmie until he can send for me?" anxiously. "But you do not know," hurriedly, "how I dread to do that. I feel that I have no friends there, after the unkind way in which they have treated my father, and—the wretched things they believe of me," with an effort to be proudly calm that brought a sudden delicious flush to her cheeks. "Do you not think Miss Hallgarten would let me stay with her a few more weeks, or could you find me some other quiet place where I could keep Jimmie with me?"

Max had answered with a pleasant laugh: "Don't worry about going back to Greenwilde nor dream that your father will allow you to bury yourself in a foreign country. None of these arrangements are in the least such as I think Mr. Foss would make for you."

Then Bethel's gaze had met his, questioningly, wonderingly.

"You have heard," hesitatingly, "of my father's troubles? You cannot refer to my mother—mean that I would go to her," in a tone mingled incredulity and intense aversion. Through the representation of Jimmie, Bethel had regarded her mother as responsible for all the undeserved unkindness and disgrace heaped upon her father, and as being altogether a person whom it would be her duty to avoid. She had not learned, then, the entirety of Madame De Witt's history, and the light in which it was looked upon by persons less prejudiced than Miss Pierce and of more worldly experience. But Mr. Duncan had met her horrified, amazed look with an amused smile.

"I certainly do refer to your mother, or, as she is known to society by her maiden name, Madame De Witt. I happen to be one of her personal friends, and can assure you that she is a most charming woman—cultivated, talented, elegant and beautiful. Any young lady is to be envied who can call such a woman mother. She is tenderly anxious to make you her companion and charge; and I have excellent reasons for believing that had Mr. Foss never left his quiet parsonage in Greenwilde, he would have sent you to fill the place in society to which, as Madame De Witt's child and heiress, you should be accustomed."

"What reasons have you for believing so?" with wide-opened eyes. "Could my father have helped hating a woman who had deceived him?"

Max told her the history of Madame's past, as he had heard it from his uncle, and of the communications Mr. Foss had had with Messrs. Tremaine and Merritt; and that Mr. Tremaine, himself, would visit her upon the morrow and Madame De Witt within a day or so, and that the plans her friends proposed were the proper ones for her to adopt. And when he went away he had left Bethel beset with conflicting emotions and strange new dreams.

When Max had talked to her of her mother, Bethel had pined more than she had blamed her. Indeed, everything connected with Madame De Witt had assumed a new light. Besides, she longed keenly for chaperonage and companionship; and before the lawyer made his visit, or her fascinating mother came to put the decisive seal upon her daughter's bright dream, Bethel had resolved to accept the golden career upon which smiling fate, with beckoning hand, waited to lead her. And Jimmie, protesting and indignant at her favorite's degeneracy, returned to Greenwilde, to seek for herself a home, while the parson's daughter left to the past her thoughts, merry girlhood, its later loneliness and sorrows, and entered into the midst of luxury, novelty, and associations, that seemed to promise to her excitement-loving nature an existence of perpetual delight.

And now that Bethel, with the same frank, bewitching grace which had characterized her as the belle of the New England village, dwelt in this paradise of wealth, and daily made new friends—for careful training and inherited blue-blood had fitted her to move in any society and quickly catch its tricks of usage and convention—now that she sat among the azure and golden luxuries of her dressing-room, its profusion of charming bric-brac, and statuettes, and gorgeous great panels of mirrors, as unchalantly as she would have once sat in her little parsonage room at Greenwilde, had she found no serpent in her paradise, no poisoned flower amid its blooms?

Yes; she had felt already the sting of a thorn in her path of roses. Something had happened that had vividly recalled the scenes of the past, and its folly and remorse, and had set her to











off gently, without mussing it, lay it softly on the stand, and put a bootjack on it to keep from getting off. The probability is that it will stay there until she gets up if she gets up soon enough.